Saturday Review

JULY 2, 1955 / 20¢

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Report from Five
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inia Pasley, author of "21 Stayed." (See page 14)

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The Man: Thomas Jefferson

The Year: 1776

The Theme: "All Men Are Created Equal"

"All men are created equal," are words that Americans should remember and live by every day of the year, every year.

But on July 4th these words of Thomas Jefferson have a special meaning for his heirs of freedom and equality on this continent.

It is the time of the year that we commemorate with fun, fireworks, and solemn festivities, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

This is the 179th anniversary.

This month has an added significance, rooted directly in Jefferson's noble words.

World Brotherhood Week is celebrated in July to give further specific meaning to Jefferson's great truth: All men are created equal.

Those words, the man, and the year 1776 will be the subject of the weekly television program, "Man of the Year" over WRCA-TV, Saturday, July 2nd at 4:00 p.m.

Host-Narrator Richard D. Heffner will have as his guests:

Dr. Ralph Bunche, Under-Secretary of the United Nations;

General Carlos P. Romulo, Foreign Minister of the Philippines and Chairman of the Philippine delegation to the United Nations;

Norman Cousins, Editor of The Saturday Review.

With the assistance of these distinguished guests, and with films and unusual facts, Mr. Heffner will recreate and illuminate the man and the year and their meaning for us today.

Presented by

WRCA-TV

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The Saturday Review

Every Saturday on Channel 4 at 4:00 p.m.

The Saturday Review

JULY 2, 1955

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden

SR/IDEAS

7 Incident in India, by Norman Cousins

10 Censors and the Library

20 The Community Friend: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

14 21 Stayed, by Virginia Pasley
An Essay-Review by Jerry Tallmer

16 "Before I Kill More . . .", by Lucy Freeman
Reviewed by Wenzell Brown

17 The Flower Girls, by Clemence Dane
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

18 Adventures in the Skin Trade and Other Stories, by Dylan Thomas
Reviewed by William Peden

18 Mine Boy, by Peter Abrahams
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert

24 The Land They Fought For, by Clifford Dowdey
Reviewed by Avery Craven

25 William Lloyd Garrison and the Humanitarian Reformers, by Russel B. Nye
Reviewed by Merle Curti

26 Passport to Paris, by Vernon Duke
Reviewed by Howard Dietz

27 Who Could Ask for Anything More, by Ethel Merman, as told to Pete Martin
Reviewed by Lee Rogow

27 Elinor Glyn, by Anthony Glyn
Reviewed by Allen Churchill

28 The Art and Architecture of the Ancient Orient, by Henri Frankfort
Reviewed by Benjamin Rowland

29 The Art of India Through the Ages, by Stella Kramrisch
Reviewed by Jane Gaston Mahler

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf

19 Literary Crypt

21 Letters to the Editor

25 Literary I.Q.

30 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Lee Rogow

31 Music to My Ears, by Mildred Norton

32 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton

34 The Fine Arts, by James Thrall Soby

42 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1110

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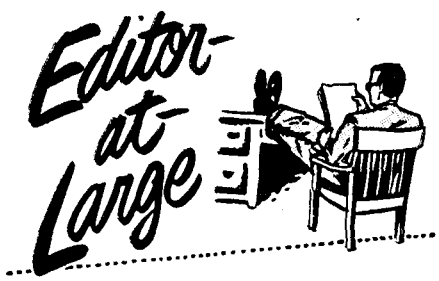

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is offered by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. as a tribute to the American Library Association which this month is holding its annual meeting in Philadelphia. It is our hope that all who care about books will take an active interest in their own Libraries. Many of the Library books you read you will want to own. You will find your own bookseller ready and willing to supply these for you.

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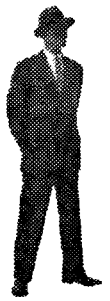

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • An ancient shibboleth of the book business has it that plays in book form do not sell. Yet the first printing of the paperbound edition of "The Seven Year Itch" was exactly 250,000 copies. Guess who's on the cover!

Writing hit plays is not George Axelrod's only major accomplishment. At a *soirée* recently he revealed a startling knowledge of modern literature by identifying without hesitation five books by listening only to the introductory sentences which

follow. Can you do the same? (The names of the books are printed near the bottom of this column.)

1. Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moo cow coming down along the road and this moo cow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo.

2. I have noticed that when someone asks for you on the telephone and, finding you are out, leaves a message begging you to call him up the moment you come in, and it's important, the matter is more often important to him than to you. When it comes to making you a present or doing you a favour most people are able to hold their impatience within reasonable bounds.

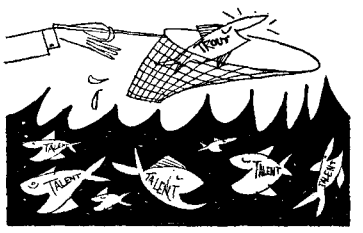
3. As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like brown belly divided into stiff arched segments, on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely.

4. From a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon they sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that—a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler. . . .

5. For a long time I used to go to bed early. Sometimes, when I had put out my candle, my eyes would close so quickly that I had not even time to say "I'm going to sleep."

• • In Portland, Oregon, Stewa Holbrook is fulminating against writ ers who use the expression "Ski Row." "Skid *road* is the proper name. roars Stewart. "It originated in Se attle some seventy years ago, whe logs were hauled through the tow over an actual skid road made c logs laid crossways. Hotels and sa loons seeking the logger trade gre up along the route and the entir district became known as skid roa From Seattle the term spread a over the West. Of recent years th obscene corruption 'Skid Row' ha appeared. Its use is confined to thos who wish to be known as men c the world and who patently don know what they are talking about. Holbrook, incidentally, has delivere to Rinehart the script for the fiftiet volume in their Rivers of Americ Series: "The Columbia."

• • In Florence, Italy, publisher Val lecchi is experimenting with a ne method for "netting trout from th ruffled waters of undiscovered tal ent." He has launched a series c



"first books" called "Countersigna tures." Each book in the series i sponsored, or "countersigned," by a already famous author, who explain in a preface the reasons for his choic Vallecchi reports that the first fou titles in the series (he admits dis armingly that they're only "promis ing" at best) all have attracted in

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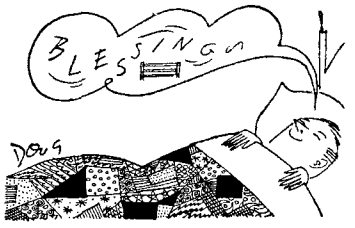
nitely more attention than is usually ecorded the work of unknowns.

• In Moline, bookseller Carlson emarked to a hospital patient, "I ear you're from Dubuque?" The pa-ent cheerfully replied, "I thought I as going to but I didn't."

• In Rochester, Jim Spinning took ddie Fisher's advice and counted



lessings instead of sheep. "It worked, o," admits Jim. "Gave me baaa-lief."

• In Sheed and Ward's mail the her morning was one bulky pack-ge marked in heavy pencil "Do not estroy. Not a manuscript."

• In Chicago, Fanny Butcher elic-ed from Anya Seton the informa-on that she is the daughter of rnest Thompson Seton, whose wild-nimal tales thrilled a whole gener-ion of youngsters forty years ago. nya's next book will be a fiction-ed life of a Winthrop whose hus-nd died one day after the *May-ower* landed in America.

• In New York, Eugene Reynal re-ntered the publishing ranks. "Reynal nd Company" books, for the first ason at least, will be distributed / Viking.

• In England, France, Italy, and pain, John Chapman, potent drama itic for the New York *Daily News* nd editor of "Theatre '55," is turn-g on for a group of twenty-five refully culled tourists all the charm aywrights wish he would save to vish on forthcoming Broadway pro-uctions. Chapman's charges are see-g private performances and rubbing bows with stage personalities the verage tourist couldn't even gape from a passing charabanc. His fee a whopping one, but who will ny he's richly earned every penny it?

• In Greenwich Village, an alert *ew Yorker* eavesdropper overheard, She wasn't just his first affair; she as his first novel."

• In India, the nation's second old-st and largest newspaper, *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, is published in English. The reason is explained by Dr. Krishnalal Shridharani, author of "My India, My America." Some seventy-five years ago *Patrika*'s vigorous editorials enraged a British viceroy, who tried to suppress it by invoking the Vernacular Press Act, which covered Indian-language papers without touching British-owned English sheets. *Patrika* overnight shifted from Bengali to English. Its first editorial proclaimed, "If we can't do anything else, we will murder the English language." "It is continuing to do so today," adds modest Dr. Shridharani, "by publishing my despatches."

• • At the University of Alabama, Edward Echols added a Caine incident unrecorded by Herman Wouk: at the height of the hurricane the O.D. demanded of Captain Queeg, "Where are we, Sir?" "How should I know?" screamed Queeg. "Wait till I get my bearings." . . . Wouk's forthcoming "Marjorie Morningstar" (Doubleday, September), incidentally, is hailed by temperate publicist Pyke Johnson, Jr., as "absolutely terrifically sensational."

• • In Baltimore, Harry Paroissien of Penguin Books received an order from the Admiral's Bookshop, Venice, Florida, signed by V. G. Butcher. Paroissien wrote thanking Miss Butcher for her interest. Back came this reply: "I do hope that in addressing me as Miss Butcher you have not pictured some cute little blonde, redhead, or what not, as I am a bronzed, white-haired old Englishman of seventy, late Admiral, before retirement, in Her Majesty's Navy!"

• • In the social hall of the old Cunarder *Aquitania* there was a huge tapestry depicting "The Repulse of the Spanish Armada." "What is that?" inquired Spring Byington one day, "the C'nard fleet?" "Decidedly not," replied Maynard Williams. "Those are not ducks, but Drakes."

• • In Beverly Hills, Mike Connolly has come up with an invention that will outsell "Davy Crockett": a Spend-It-Yourself kit retailing for $2.98 and containing $300 in real money.

• • How far will a publisher go these days to keep an important author happy? Well, Alfred Knopf flew all the way to Zurich, Switzerland—and *zurück*—in three days flat to help Thomas Mann celebrate his eightieth birthday.

• • On Broadway, one of the season's most enchanting musical hits is "Plain and Fancy," a story, in the "Oklahoma!" tradition, of the quaint Amish folk in Pennsylvania. In London, of course, it is expected that "Plain and Fancy" will be published by Amish Amilton.

• • The introductory sentences above are from: 1. Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." 2. Maugham's "Cakes and Ale." 3. Kafka's "Metamorphosis." 4. Faulkner's "Absalom, Absalom!" 5. Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past."

• • In London, three Oxford professors of literature resisted the determined advances of a group of fancy ladies they encountered on Piccadilly, then sought to find a phrase best describing them. The specialist in the Barchester novels voted for "a chapter of trollops." The Shakespearean scholar clung to "a flourish of strumpets." The collector of short stories carried the day, however, with "an anthology of pros."

• • And that, dear readers, is that, at least as far as I am concerned, until October 2, when the distractions of Mt. Kisco will cease to keep me from my Saturday Revusefulness. Until then, TRADE WINDS will be in the capable hands of Alan Green, whose effortless effluences I expect to enjoy as much as you will, too.

Arrivederci! —BENNETT CERF.

Summer's Refrain

By Joseph Joel Keith

THIS is the way
to go: uphill while dew is on the grasses,
over the cleanness, not on foot-made passes;
early by day.

No, do not speak
one word; each human sound shall claim clear airways.
Let the town sleep; we shall find new fair ways
only two seek.

Now as the sun
comes up, it might be wiser, past the hilly
summit, to go in fields together, stilly
to stride as one.

We shall not stop
to talk, lose notes of bells and that high lark sky-calling.
Hear, in the tin pail, berries and cool dew falling,
drop by drop.

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A lot of Johnnies *are* reading good books!

More children are reading more books today than ever before. It has been estimated that the annual sale of children's books has increased 100 per cent in the past six years. *Publishers' Weekly* reports that last year 1,342 different titles were issued; thousands of copies of each one were sold through the 120,000 points of sale now available to buyers of children's books. Yes, a lot of Johnnies are finding fun, excitement, and challenge in the pages of beautiful story books and authoritative "fact books." How is it that so many wonderful children's books are pouring from the presses into such eager hands?

The librarians who work with children and young people in our school and public libraries deserve a major share of the credit for the healthy state of children's reading today. Through the efforts and devotion of this important professional group, Johnny gets the right book for his age, reading ability and interests, from kindergarten right through high school. He learns that books are fun and books are friends. Most important of all, he gains the habit of reading which will stand him in good stead all his life.

The librarian who works with your child is one of the most important people in his life. If you want Johnny to become a full-fledged citizen of the world of books, support your school library, and support your public library's service to the youth of America.

This is a message from the AMERICAN BOOK PUBLISHERS COUNCIL, INC. on the occasion of the 74th annual conference of the American Library Association, Philadelphia, July 3-9, 1955.

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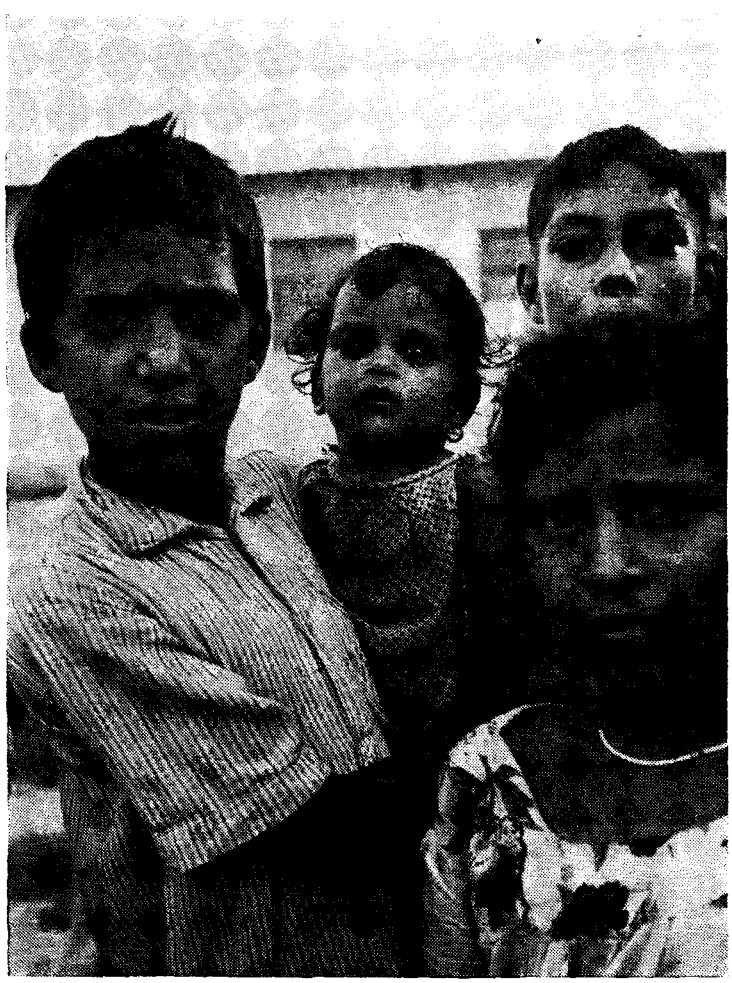
The Saturday Review
JULY 2, 1955

INCIDENT IN INDIA

By NORMAN COUSINS



—Photographs by N. C.

". . . hideous dislocations in the lives of the Indian people."

BY itself, the incident was not large or important. But it did serve to bring a nation and an age into focus for me. It happened early in 1951, but it has come to mind many times since—especially when press reports about India raise questions about the position of the Indian people in the world today.

The incident took place at a refugee camp called Kingsway not far from the old city of Delhi. At one time, in British India, Kingsway had been a military cantonment for some 1,500 troops. After Indian independence Kingsway became one of the emergency housing centers for displaced persons. By 1951 it had been stretched to contain some 30,000 Hindus who had fled in terror from predominantly Moslem areas during the partition of the subcontinent in 1947 between India and Pakistan.

Some background may be in order in setting the stage for the incident. The suddenness of partition had created hideous dislocations in the lives of the Indian people. Overnight was created the largest displaced-persons problem in history. Hindus and Moslems who had been living side by side were suddenly arrayed against each other. Hindus in the regions that were to become Pakistan fled to the new India. Moslems throughout India proper fled to West or East Pakistan. Violence between Hindus and Moslems—and blame must be evenly divided—resulted in injury or death to countless thousands. Altogether some twelve million Hindus and Moslems abandoned their homes in search of safety. Of this number, approximately eight million were Hindus, the remainder Moslems.

Both India and Pakistan did the best they could to find or improvise shelter for the refugees. Perhaps one million of the Hindu refugees crowded into Delhi and vicinity. Some of the early ones were allowed to move into Kingsway.

I went out to Kingsway and spoke to some of the displaced persons, most of whom had come from the Lahore section of what is now Pakistan. Many of them had been merchants or clerks. They belonged, roughly speaking, to the Indian middle class. A not inconsiderable number of them had

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been well educated, for Lahore was a university city. In any event, the people had left their homes or their jobs or their schools in Lahore and were now herded together in Kingsway in what had become a stark effort for survival. There was an acute shortage of medicines, especially antibiotics. Sanitation was almost nonexistent. Water was scarce. The people were hungry and sick.

"Most of us have been here almost three years," an elderly man who had been a teacher in Lahore told me. "At first, we thought we might have to stay here only a few months before new housing was found or built. But it became impossible to do anything for us because of all the thousands of refugees who came to Delhi.

"When this camp was turned over to us in 1947 it was bad enough. But there were only 5,000 of us here then. Within a year there were 15,000. Today there are 30,000. If you will see how we live, you will see that seven and eight families have to share a single room. It is not meant for human beings to live this way. But I suppose we are lucky. At least we have some shelter. There are many thousands more who do not even have this; they are living in the streets of the big cities."

I asked many questions about the camp—about the health of the people, about the food supply, about the schooling of the children. I was told that these questions were best answered by members of the Kingsway Council. These were the younger men who were now out foraging for food or fuel or searching for jobs. Those who had found jobs in nearby Delhi would not return until evening. It was suggested that I return some evening later in the week, at which time a meeting with the younger men could be arranged.

At dinner that night I told the Prime Minister about my visit to Kingsway. He was familiar with the camp and discussed it in the context of the larger problem of displaced persons in general.

"There is no full or prompt solution," Mr. Nehru said. "Even time, which is what is required, is no answer to people who suffer today. We have eight million displaced persons. Even if we were successful in meeting the full needs of only half of them, that in itself would represent the largest such effort in history. But it would still leave four million. Let us go even further. If all our plans turn out right, we may within a year or so substantially improve the living conditions of seven million displaced persons. But that would still leave one million human beings, some of them at Kingsway or camps like it."

"Actually, we are working on the problem constantly," he continued, "and it engages much of my thought and attention. What makes it more difficult, of course, is that the hunger and sickness are not peculiar to the displaced persons. There has been the failure of the rains for almost three years, and crops have badly suffered. But the fact that a general problem exists does not mean that we cannot do a better job than we are doing with different parts of the problem."

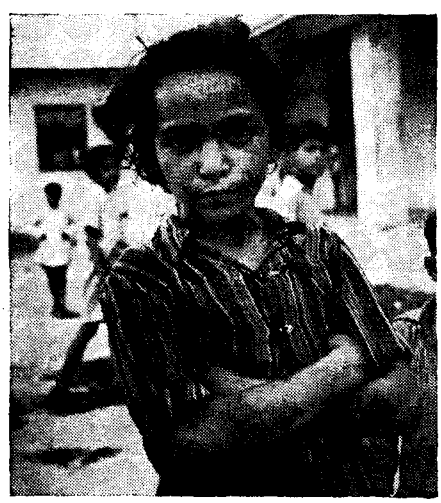
The Prime Minister said he would be in touch with the office of Rehabilitation Minister Jain about Kingsway and would obtain information about what could be expected there.

The following morning the Rehabilitation Minister's office telephoned to say that relief for the people of Kingsway was scheduled for some time during the year—at a minimum, three months; at a maximum, six months. The message also said there was no objection to my making this fact known on my return visit to the camp.

EARLY the next evening, with Kuldip Nayar, an Indian journalist, as my interpreter, and with a Sikh driver at the wheel, I revisited Kingsway.

As my car swung into the Kingsway compound I was puzzled to observe that the refugees took one look at my car, then, as if by prearranged signal, turned their backs and walked directly to the barracks or the huts, from which they peered at me through the narrow slits that served as windows.

After a moment or so, a young man walked directly towards me. He was saying something in an agitated voice as he approached. He was poorly dressed, wearing a faded Gandhi dhoti and a collarless shirt. I judged him to be perhaps twenty-five or thirty, though it is difficult to tell ages in India. His face was pinched and taut,



". . . the hunger [is] not peculiar to DPs."

and he hadn't shaved for several days. His eyes were bright, almost glazed.

At first I couldn't grasp any meaning from what he was saying, but I knew his manner to be unfriendly. Then his words came to me.

"You are not welcome here. Go away. You are an American." His voice was tense, high-pitched.

I said the obvious thing: that I felt there must be some mistake, that I had been at the camp several days earlier, and that I had been asked to return so that I might discuss the camp with members of the Council.

"Yes, I have heard about your visit. You have taken advantage of our people. You made them think you were their friend. I know better. You have come here to spy on us and to say ugly things about us. We do not wish to meet with you. You are an American and you are not our friend."

He had been speaking only a minute or so. But in that brief moment, the compound or courtyard started to fill up with people. Soon they were pressing in on us, creating a din. The young man continued to speak, but I found it difficult to hear him over the crowd.

My Sikh driver, towering over the other people, pushed his way to my side, took me by the arm, saying we should leave. Kuldip Nayar took my other arm, and they started towards the car.

I remember thinking that this was some sort of weird dream and that everyone had taken leave of his senses. I pulled myself free of the Sikh and Nayar and told the young man I had come to meet with the members of the Kingsway Council.

He said I could not.

I asked him if he could tell me whether he represented the people of Kingsway. I told him I would leave if it was their wish that I do so.

People around us were shouting and shoving. The young man held up both hands and called out to the crowd to be quiet. Then he stood up on a bench and put the question to them.

He spoke in Hindu in a strident and staccato voice. Kuldip Nayar was at my side, translating. "The American wants to know whether I represent you. The American can see for himself whether I represent you."

Unable to see beyond the people closest to me, I was at least able to perceive that there was neither visible nor audible disapproval to what the young man was saying. He continued.

"I have told the American that he is not welcome here and that we do not trust him. He comes from a country which thinks it can block the march of the Asian peoples for national independence and self-respect and we

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must not be cowards in telling him the Americans will never succeed. They cannot stop us. No one can stop us. For more than 150 years Asia has endured the rule of the white man, who has taught us to bow before him and call him 'Master.' But we need call him 'Master' no longer.

"The white Westerners keep talking about freedom," he went on, warming up to his task. "What they mean is freedom for themselves. When the Americans talk to us about the importance of freedom they do not know how silly they sound. Did it ever occur to them that others might like freedom, too? What is it that they think we want if not freedom? And who is it that they think is standing in the way of freedom in the world?

"Has the United States, which says it loves freedom so much, been willing to help the Asian peoples to achieve the same freedom the Americans enjoy for themselves? They are a powerful nation, the Americans. If they were to declare themselves against slavery in the world and against the rule of the white man in Asia, the rest of the West could not stand against them and all Asia would be able to throw off the chains.

"But the United States will not do this, so Asia will do it the hard way and the Americans will be thrown out of Asia along with the others. Now does the American understand why he is not welcome here?"

There were some scattered cheers from the crowd, but not the strong response that the young man seemed to be calling for. I asked Nayar to request that I be allowed to reply. He called out to the young man and some people in front of the crowd echoed the request.

"The American asks for a chance to be heard," the young man said. "We will hear him but I am not yet through. When we read that Indian students who visit America have to be careful when they travel in some parts of his country because they are regarded as inferior beings, how are we supposed to feel? Are we supposed to accept inferiority because God has given us a dark skin to protect us against a hot sun in an open country?

"We will not accept inferiority, and the American should know it. And we believe that any people who impose punishment on others because of color are people who do not know the meaning of freedom."

His words seemed to be hitting their mark. There were no cheers, but there was no mistaking the fact from the open expressions of the people and from the nodding of heads that these things were deeply felt.

"Gandhi taught us to think the best of people."

The young man was far from through.

"For several months now, the American Government has been discussing sending us food to relieve the famine in India caused by the failure of the monsoons. The United States has rich lands and the people have taken good care of their fields. But America has year-round rainfall and we do not.

"When we heard that the United States might send us wheat from their vast stores which are not being used, we became very hopeful. In the past, we had been shocked to read that the United States had taken good food from its surplus and dumped that food into the sea rather than give the food to hungry people. But we were pleased and eager when the proposal was made in America that wheat might be sent to us.

"But months have passed and nothing has happened. Astonishing things have been said in the United States. It has been said that the wheat should not be sent because our Prime Minister has disagreed too much with the United States in the United Nations. What does that have to do with it? If the Prime Minister agrees or disagrees, does that change the fact that the Americans have food they do not need or that we are hungry? Does this mean that the American people believe that starvation should be used as a political weapon? Is this what freedom means?"

Then the young man began to address individual members of the crowd.

"Davidas," he said, looking at a man of perhaps thirty with a bronze tinge to his hair. "Your little boy died while the wheat debate in the United States was going on. Your other son is now hungry and ill. How do you feel when you hear that the Americans are debating the sending of the wheat because there are political differences between the two governments? Do not human beings have obligations to each other no matter what papers their governments may sign or what the votes may be in the United Nations?

"Shandar," he said, pointing to another young man up front, "you told me yesterday you were unable to bring home food for your family. Do you feel kindly about a man who comes from a country that thinks it can take advantage of our suffering in order to force its will upon us?"

AFTER Shandar, he addressed himself to an elder known as Chatterjee, who, it was brought out, had lost two members of his family in recent weeks. Then he called out to three more. And as he appealed to each one in terms of his own experience, a strange and frightening thing was happening. He was producing a single countenance of hurt and hate in the crowd. Once again the Sikh started to pull me away. But the young man was now through and told me I could speak if I had anything to say.

Even before I could get to the bench on which the young man stood,

(*Continued on page* 37)

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *To many people no place could seem more quiet and less controversial than the nation's public libraries. But in the past few years an amazing number of them have become the subjects of newspaper headlines. The stories which go with these headlines have come from Brooksville, Fla., where a lady with a foreign-sounding name was accused of attempting to stock the library there with "filthy Communist propaganda"; from Galion, Ohio, where the father of a young high-school girl objected to the fact that his daughter had found Richard Wright's "filthy" novel "Native Son" on the shelves of her school library; from the small town of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., the large city of San Antonio, Texas, and even from the halls of the Boston Public Library, which only two years ago celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary.*

Each of these stories has caused thoughtful citizens to examine the principles of public dissemination of literature. They have also caused the American Library Association to examine its own concepts of man's right to read freely without threat of censorship and they have caused the Association to defend these concepts against all threats. Next week when the ALA holds its annual convention in Philadelphia part of its members' attention will be devoted to studying the pattern in the censorship threats from Brooksville to Boston and to searching for ways in which to combat them. Below SR *presents reports on five notorious attempts at library censorship, most of them written by persons who saw them happen.*

Censors and the Library

Brooksville, Fla.

FIVE years ago the town of Brooksville, Florida (pop. 1,607), being justifiably proud of itself, held a special ceremony to dedicate its newest civic acquisition, the Frederick Eugene Lykes Jr. Memorial Library. At the time one of the speakers was F. E. Lykes himself, who because of his interest in the library had been made lifetime honorary chairman of the library's board. After that Mr. Lykes, who has since died, liked from time to time to browse about the library, and in the course of his browsing, it seemed to him that he was coming across an unusual number of books and pamphlets dealing with Russia and with Communism. He even complained to his friend Col. Paul B. Parker about it, but nothing was done.

Then, during the month of May 1953 the teachers of the local high school assigned some special homework to the members of the senior class. The homework: to gather information on the ways in which Communist governments work. The students went to the library, returned to their homes and schools with the books and pamphlets they found there, and as a result caused what has become known in library circles as the Brooksville affair.

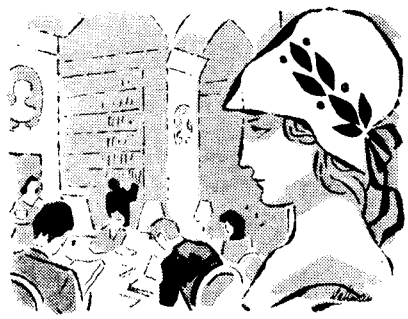
For the students had not turned up exactly the type of material which their teachers had expected. Instead, it was the type of literature which was later characterized by the librarian herself, Miss Rosalie Norris, as "filthy Communist propaganda." As a matter of fact, it was Miss Norris who was the first one to be questioned by the amazed parents and teachers, and she said that she knew exactly where some of the materials had come from. They had, she said, been brought into the library by Miss Lisa von Borowsky, who was secretary of the library board and who was also at that time working for one of the town's most prominent citizens—Col. Raymond Robins, a retired miner, labor leader, and lecturer who had served as a special envoy to Russia for President Woodrow Wilson and who was spending his last days in a wheelchair.

Miss Norris said she had immediately asked Miss von Borowsky not to bring in such propaganda. However, she said, her request was not followed and Miss von Borowsky continued to send such magazines as *The National Geographic* and *Time*, and to fold within them Communist pamphlets. So Miss Norris and the board members took other steps. She wrote to the House Un-American Activities Committee and to the American Legion requesting their list of un-American books. Then she checked these lists against the books and pamphlets in the library and, she said, found that the library not only contained every book listed but also some pamphlets which were not listed. So the matter was brought up at the next meeting of the library board and a one-man committee was appointed to weed out all undesirable literature. This one-man committee was none other than Colonel Parker, the man to whom the late Mr. Lykes had earlier expressed his fears, and as a result of Colonel Parker's investigation all literature concerning Russia and Communism was removed from the shelves of the library.

No full list of the books or pamphlets was ever released, but a partial list included these books: "Mission to Moscow," by Joseph E. Davies, a former U.S. Ambassador to Russia; "The Soviets," by Albert R. Williams; "Russia and Japan," by Maurice Hindus; "People of the U.S.S.R.," by Anna Louise Strong; and an unnamed book by Negro singer Paul Robeson. The magazines and pamphlets on the partial list were: *The Nation, The New Republic, World Events, World Alliance Newsletter, Canadian Far Eastern Newsletter, New World Review, The Land and Land News, Yugoslav Review, Land Reborn,* and the USSR Information Bulletin called *United People.*

"I can tell you just exactly how some of the magazines got there," Miss von Borowsky said in her own and Colonel Robins's defense to a newspaper reporter. "They were brought in partly by me as matter discarded up here (at Colonel Robins's house)." She said she had nothing to hide, and added, "I believe in the freedom of dissemination of information and believe democracy will flourish under it. I feel that I am as good an American as you can find."

The other members of the library



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board, apparently, did not agree with Miss von Borowsky's ideas of "freedom of dissemination of information." It was later learned that the FBI had examined the literature in question and had held certain of the pamphlets. The remainder of the books were given to Clyde Lockhart, who was the chairman of the country's Republican Party Executive Committee. Mr. Lockhart appeared before the county commissioners to demand that Miss von Borowsky's term on the library board be cut short. He also demanded that J. J. Bell, who was at that time the library's board chairman, and Mrs. Howard Smith, the wife of Brooksville's mayor, be replaced by others upon the expiration of their terms a few months later. The books which he had seen, Mr. Lockhart said firmly, were "pure Communistic propaganda."

Now, two years later, the propaganda pamphlets are still missing from the library board. Most of the books in question, however, are back in the library. They are all there on one shelf which is clearly marked "Communistic Literature."

—Lois Purdin.

Galion, Ohio

THE little town of Galion, Ohio, is unknown to most of the country's readers unless they have chanced to notice the name plates on many widely-used road graders. But no more than a year and a half ago, Galion became momentarily interesting to far more readers than those who read these name plates. What gave Galion its brief moment of notoriety? The facts which can be gleaned from the publications of the day are briefly as follows:

In January 1954 two newly elected members of the Galion Board of Education took office, thereby forming a majority with one other member. These three promptly announced a new program. The chief tenets of the program: the adoption of a loyalty oath, the appointment of a committee for screening teachers, the review of all textbooks and curricula in an attempt to weed out any material which could be considered subversive, more emphasis on "patriotic education," and a review of all contracts, salaries, and qualifications of individuals in the school system. But, before this energetic program could get under way a surprising thing happened in Galion. A parent objected to a book which his daughter had borrowed from the local high-school library. The book: "Native Son," by Richard Wright. The reason for the parent's objection: the book, he said, was obscene.

At the February meeting of the new Board of Education one of its new members gave a fiery discourse regarding "obscene" literature in the library. In the middle of this speech two other books, "Anthony Adverse" and "Toward the Morning," both by Hervey Allen and both having been dramatically removed from the library's stacks, were forcefully deposited in front of a surprised clergyman who happened to be present. The clergyman was requested to have the Galion Ministerial Association examine these two books. In the end the Board of Education removed all books of fiction from the high-school and junior-high-school libraries and requested that they be reviewed by a committee consisting of individuals from the faculty, school board, and the general public, and before very long reporters clogged the school's switchboards and even *Life* magazine sent a photographer to Galion.

I was the minority spokesman on the Board of Education. I cannot presume to integrate the incident with the national conception of it as a violation of the Bill of Rights nor can I properly evaluate it because of my personal involvement, but perhaps I can give an insight into the town, for behind any news story are people and in order to penetrate such a story it becomes necessary to understand in at least a small way the people involved.

In Galion men and women do not clamor for membership on the school board. The board represents a fairly good cross-section of the town in both occupation and thinking. The town they represent is approximately 11,000 in population, of German origin, all white, and quite homogeneous. Disaster seems to have skipped us. Even the Depression did not level Galion as it did other communities because of our many diversified industries, which readily adapt themselves to change. It can be called a fortunate town.

But perhaps its good luck has caused the vice of smugness. Its success economically has made it wary of change in outlook and in acceptance of new ideas. Yet, juvenile delinquency is rising rapidly here and when the problem is faced, which is seldom, it becomes necessary to find a goat. Reading seems to be a good goat in Galion. Whether it is comic books or the books in the school library the principle is the same. Perhaps because they are sincerely against sin and perhaps because they felt this was a chance to prove it the majority of the Galion school board seized the opportunity to wage a crusade.

A shock was required to awaken the town to the dangers of such thinking

on the part of the body governing our schools. The very enormity of what had occurred provided that shock. Who was to do the censorship job? The librarian at the public library wanted no part of it, the ministers wanted no part of it, and the teachers were certainly uncomfortable as the targets of the other actions proposed by the board. The school board? I did not feel qualified to do the job nor had I the time, and I strongly felt none of the board could do it. All of this pointed the way inevitably to a solution which many of us had felt was long overdue: a full-time school librarian qualified to bring the library up to the standard our children deserve, providing guidance in reading from grade school up so that high-school students can read good literature about people other than themselves—in a rough environment different from their own—without folding under the impact.

—Robert S. Ricksecker.

San Antonio, Texas

PUBLIC-LIBRARY censorship has been squelched in the old military center of San Antonio, Texas. But it has taken two years of community-wide controversy to do it.

The whole thing exploded one mild May morning in 1953 in the city manager's office. Presiding was Mayor A. C. (Jack) White, onetime council-manager who had led a reactionary municipal ticket to election victory the month before. He opened the meeting by suggesting that city library books by "known Communists" be identified with a special stamp.

Leaning over the Mayor's shoulder, a retired retail store owner named Wylie Johnson, who had become first acting city manager, quipped: "I think they should be burned instead of stamped." The Mayor smiled and said, "I am just suggesting this to the council," and reporters' pencils paused in the startled silence that followed. Then came the race to the press-room telephones. Local newspapers bannered the front-page story, the

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wire services picked it up, and the fight was on.

A San Antonio housewife named Mrs. Myrtle Glasscock Hance, it seemed, had been cross-checking various "un-American activities" listings against the San Antonio Public Library card catalogue of authors. She said her inspiration came from articles in the *American Legion* and *Freeman* magazines. More than 500 books by 118 authors were on Mrs. Hance's "REaD READING" list, which figured in her later unsuccessful foray into San Antonio high-school libraries and into public-library censorship controversies in a half-dozen other cities in the United States and Canada.

Mrs. Hance and Mayor White's wife were Minute Women, members of a supernationalistic organization which earlier had secretly enlisted many prominent San Antonio women. The Hance list included authors ranging from avowed and historical Communists to writers merely "cited"—that is, mentioned—in testimony and reports of legislative investigating committees as having "Communist-front affiliations." Members of groups cited by the U.S. Attorney-General as subversive were also specially noted, and among the scores of famed authors included were Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Dashiell Hammett, Clifford Odets, Dorothy Parker, Irving Stone, Alan Lomax, Norman Mailer, Budd Schulberg, Louis Untermeyer, and Henry Wallace. Books by architect Frank Lloyd Wright, sculptor Jo Davidson, composer Aaron Copeland, and books illustrated by Rockwell Kent (such as "Canterbury Tales" and "Moby Dick") were recommended for branding.

M. M. Harris, editor of *The San Antonio Express* and for thirty-three years president of the library system's board of trustees, at once denounced the stamping scheme as akin to "Communist tactics" and scored Mrs. Hance's "superheated patriotism." *The San Antonio News* immediately editorially attacked stamping or burning of library books as "an intolerable proposal." Unsolicited and uncensored letters from readers published in the *Express* and the *News* ran ten to one against censorship. Liberal ministers rose in the pulpit against the branding scheme. (Actual burning of books was never seriously considered, and Acting City Manager Johnson resigned shortly after making that suggestion, which he later tried to deny.) Debate stirred civic and service-group meetings. The local League of Women Voters and National Council of Jewish Women's San Antonio Section countered the Minute Women's stand. Within a week an anti-branding mass meeting had been held in a local church, the "American Activities Committee" had been formed in opposition.

As the publicity became nationwide Mayor White, being politically sensitive, said "Let's call it quits for now." Then, unhappily, the Mayor White faction gained a clear working majority on the City Council. By June new appointments had assured them a library board majority, and what had failed in open frontal attack was now undertaken by indirection. Library director Miss Julia Grothaus and her staff were all intimidated into leaving off purchase lists those books likely to prove objectionable to right-wing trustees. In opposition to an educational TV project earlier supported by the library—a movement they suspected to be under "liberal control"—the new majority sought to curtail all audio-visual, extension, and guidance services, to turn the system into what Mr. Harris called the "old-fashioned book warehouse concept" of what a public library should be. And in the months that followed the new board majority loaded book and periodical lists with ultra-conservative titles, screened gift books to eliminate those they did not like, and gave favored display to right-wing materials.

At this point *The San Antonio Express* and *The San Antonio News* began to campaign for the formation of a "Good Government League," whose platform included the appointment of a new library board. They won, and last month they appointed new library board members who are believed to be devoted to the principles of freedom of information, thus ending the two-year censorship threat to the San Antonio Public Library.

—Tomme C. Call.

Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

As housewives go Kathryn Mitchell of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., is no ordinary one. She has a doctor of philosophy degree to her name, she lectures on the side, and, as the citizens of Mt. Lebanon found out in the autumn of 1953, she also keeps a weather eye on the local public library. For in September of that year Mrs. Mitchell sent a letter off to this library's directors in which she said she had discovered that the library contained many books by alleged pro-Communists and their fellow-travelers. Why then, she wanted to know, did the library not have the works of John Flynn or of Senator Joseph McCarthy? As a matter of fact, Mrs. Mitchell said, she herself had tried to square things by attempting to present the library with

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Tribune

"Not the Flame for Book Burners!"

seven books by some well-known anti-Communist authors (among them Senator McCarthy), but, she said her well-intentioned gift had been declined.

This letter from Mrs. Mitchell split the Mt. Lebanon community into several contending groups, all of them soon well publicized in the country's newspapers and its radio and television programs. There were those who wanted to protect the library and its staff—a staff which, they said had done a good job in building up its 50,000-volume collection—and there were those who wanted to remove the chief librarian, the staff, and the board of directors. There were those who thought it would be a good idea to include certain dissident groups in the formation of a new library board and there were those who wanted not only to do this but also to revise the rules so that new rules could carry the *germ* of censorship not censorship itself. There were also those who simply wanted the whole affair calmed down so that the town would not get any more publicity than it had already received in the newspapers, and for a while this group had the hardest time of them all, for in the midst of the affair a public hearing was held—a hearing which resulted in a great deal of publicity for Mt. Lebanon.

So did the committee which was appointed at this hearing receive a great deal of publicity. For on January 15, 1954, the committee—which was composed of a banker, a businessman, a lawyer, a woman civic leader, and a former newspaperman—submitted its report to the township board of county commissioners. This report has been called everything from a "whitewash" of the incumbent staff at the library to a complete vindication

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rs. Mitchell, but in any event it did ol the tempers of the contending oups.

On the side of the librarians the mmittee reported that 65 per cent of e books Mrs. Mitchell had suggested desirable were already in the rary. It said that the library based selection of new books on the licies of the American Library ssociation and on the policies of the nerican Book Publishers' Confer-ce. It said that no planned effort isted in the library to foist Com-unistic or Socialistic propaganda on e town's citizens. It announced that balance between pro-Communist d anti-Communist books in the rary had been achieved.

But, seemingly more on the side of rs. Mitchell, the committee report ally stated, "It is also the opinion of e committee that there is a very rious question as to how far a blic library of our size should go presenting controversial books ich attack our form of government d mode of life. For example, our mmittee can see no justification for e purchase with public funds of such oks as 'Two Years with Chinese mmunists,' which undertakes to tol the Chinese Communists." The port also called for those responsible the operation of the library to ke certain that its shelves were not de a vehicle for propaganda of any d and that a reasonable balance be intained in the selection of books rchased or accepted about contro-rsial subjects.

—JOHN D. PAULUS.

ston, Mass.

THE story of the attempt to censor books in the Boston Public Li-ary goes back to 1952.

In September of that year the *Bos-n Post* began serializing Senator cCarthy's book "McCarthyism" and the following day this same news-per began a campaign to apply the ctrines of that book to the local ston scene: the *Post* revealed that e Boston Public Library subscribed the pro-Soviet monthly *New World view,* and two days later it charged at McCarthy's own book was not ailable in the library, though the ws story did state that copies of the ok had been ordered by the library d would be made available.

From that day forward the news-per's daily front-page editorials ntinued the campaign. The lead tence in one story began, "Top-el Communists and their underlings the latest 'dope' straight from scow at the expense of the Boston xpayers." An editorial asked, "When

(*Continued on page* 36)

The Library in '55

By S. JANICE KEE, *executive secretary of the American Library Association public libraries division.*

WITHOUT engaging in the technical side of the argument on why a boy can't read (I leave this to Rudolf Flesch and the school teachers) I would like to point up some circumstances that may explain why many boys and girls do not take to reading when there are other things to do. This applies to adults, too, for that matter. These circumstances are major concerns of librarians and friends of libraries, and their efforts to improve conditions during the past year have made the news headlines from the field of public librarianship.

To begin with, there are few if any good books in handy reach of most boys, girls, men, and women in this country. It is hard to believe that only in the very best homes, schools, and community libraries can Johnny and his parents pursue their special interests and hobbies through books and other well-selected materials for learning and entertainment. A startling new statistic has appeared. The nation spends four times as much on comics each year as is budgeted for all public libraries in the country. New school buildings are being constructed without library rooms, and the struggle continues for increased book funds in public libraries to meet increased costs and to add more books. In 1950 89 per cent of the public libraries in the United States operated on less than $25,000 a year; 60 per cent on less than $4,000. This explains at least in part why the term "inadequate library service" has become a household word in public-library circles. But back to Johnny and his family. Under these conditions they have a small chance to develop enthusiasm for books and reading as a service of the free public library. They actually do not come to realize that one of the simple ideals on which the American Public Library is built is that every man has the right to find out, study, learn, and understand for himself. This is a right but not a privilege in large areas.

What are we doing about it?

• • Twenty-one citizens from seventeen states journeyed to Washington recently to speak up for public-library development in the hearing on the Library Services Bill. This is a piece of terminal legislation sponsored by the American Library Association. It is designed to encourage and stimulate the states to extend public-library service to small towns and "rurban" centers—and more particularly to demonstrate what good public-library service is. It calls for matching state and Federal funds, and the maximum Federal appropriation would be seven and one-half million dollars a year for five years. One witness called it a measure to "prime the pump," and that explains the intent of it quite well, at least to the farmers and most of us.

• • The revision of the national standards for public libraries is currently in process, with Dr. Lowell A. Martin of Rutgers University heading the project. One of the reasons advanced for revising the standards at this time was the need for stating public-library goals in terms of groups of libraries as well as single libraries. This means that provisions will be made for the people in small towns and villages and rural areas in large sections of the country to team up and have the advantage of an up-to-standard library operation. In other words, if libraries work together, sharing their services and materials, it will be possible for them to meet the *full* need of their borrowers. This firm cooperative approach in public-library standards is overdue, and if it is accepted holds great promise for a boom in public-library development (which is also overdue).

• • "That all may read" was the slogan upon which a successful campaign for one hundred gift bookmobiles was staged recently in Kentucky. Unprecedented citizen interest and participation in library development took place in the concentrated one-year drive to make books available to people in every nook and corner of that state.

• • Zelia French, of the Kansas State Traveling Library, writes, "More people would read more if books arrived daily at their back doors like the milk, the morning paper, or the mail. However, in Kansas some 811,000 rural citizens lack even the modern convenience of a tax-supported public library to drive to in the area in which they live. This circumstance and the

(*Continued on page* 36)

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The Lonesome Road to Limbo

***"21 Stayed," by Virginia Pasley** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 248 pp. $3.50), is an inquiry conducted by a reporter for* Newsday *of Long Island into the backgrounds of the American prisoners of war in Korea who, given their choice, declined to return to their native land. It attempts to answer the question: Why did they do it?*

By Jerry Tallmer

IN THE last weeks of January 1954 twenty-one young male American POW's in Korea took the final, collective, shocking step of doing what no such group of Americans had ever been known to do before: coldly ignoring the last possible deadline for their repatriation, they chose instead to go over to—to stay over with—the enemy that had taken them prisoner, and thus to live out all the rest of their lives under his ways, his ideologies, and not our own.

In that same week back here in troubled, questioning America Alicia Patterson, publisher-editor of the Long Island daily *Newsday*, assigned one of her top feature writers to go out wherever the twenty-one trails might lead and try to come up with some, at least, of the various answers to *Why did they do it?* The feature writer was Virginia Pasley, a New Yorker by way of Chicago, the Midwest, Northwestern University, and Washington. (Her husband, Fred D. Pasley, had been a Washington correspondent for the New York *Daily News* until his death in 1951.)

Mrs. Pasley did just that: she went out by plane, by train, by bus, by rented car. She went out into twenty-three states in the effort to document her twenty-one case histories; she interviewed (and sized up) families, friends, teachers, employers; she covered 15,000 miles; she took three months to do the job and do it properly—and to do it properly required on occasion all the instincts and persistence of a trained detective. Many of the boys had—"in their short lives before they went into the Army"—moved or drifted around from place to place to still other places; a few had drifted around like that without even seeming to leave the slightest dent on most of the people who had ever met them. And sometimes the families themselves were not too easy to locate; or what had served for families; or what remained of families. There were false leads. There were blanks. There were people who wouldn't talk. But on the whole people warmed up to Virginia Pasley—once, in Texas, she spent the best part of a day seeing a young housewife (a girl only in the vaguest way a li in any of these chains) through a pe sonal marital crisis—and on the wh she got the story. Got more of it, at a rate, than anyone else has so far ma aged—or taken the pains—to get. A the credit for this must of course in equal parts to Alicia Patterson, t lady behind it all.

Before this book was a book it w needless to say, a series of artic for *Newsday*—a series nominat though unsuccessfully, for a Pulit Prize. Had a gentleman named San burg been one of the judges the voti might well have gone otherwise. a letter to Miss Patterson—it has be put to use here as a preface—the p writes: "I have read many stories this field but this one gets to the ro and branches more thoroughly th any I have read. . . . [It is] the doc mentary of a dark epic. . . . Seld in past years has a Pulitzer awa been made for an achievement of t proportion of '21 Stayed'."

WELL, why *did* they do it? The a swers, as one might expect, are ma and several, and a number are pro ably still not known; and a numb of others probably never will be. Y it would appear—to go to anot poet—that the main shapes do emer And some are so clearcut, so rec rent, that they are almost best p sented as statistics; these will beco manifest to you if you take a glar at the tables on the next page. Po erty. Provincialism. Undereducati Broken Homes. (The Communi picked their slaughtering-lambs ca fully.) But some of the main sha are *not* reducible to statistics or t line on a table such as this one: "Si

—From the book jack

The twenty-one, plus an Englishman who also stayed—". . . the documentary of a dark epic."

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teen [of the twenty-one who stayed] were withdrawn, lone wolves." While those are commonplace English words, they in themselves say very little. For this part of it one must go back into the body of the book and listen to those other commonplace words that clang out like variations on a leaden theme—the theme of loneliness and friendlessness, and of almost total and appalling girl-lessness:

Said (in retrospect) of Richard G. Corden, ringleader of the twenty-one: " 'He was a quiet one, all right.' 'There was something about the boy you couldn't touch.' 'Girls were always attracted to him. . . . But he didn't date a lot and he didn't have any special girl that I knew of'."

Said of William A. Cowart, Corden's second-in-command: " 'I tried to argue him out of it'—this is a returned POW speaking—'but he said it was too late; that he didn't have any friends anyway.' "Billy had no pals in school"—these are Virginia Pasley's comments—"he wouldn't let any of the other boys get close to him. But he had a girl. . . . Billy didn't date her much evenings. . . ."

Lowell D. Skinner: "The only teacher who remembered him called him a 'poker face'—the child who never smiled." "Lowell was always small for his age . . . and, while he played with the boys in the neighborhood, [he] had no special pal. . . ."

Scott L. Rush: "Neighbors in Akron called him a 'nice lad' who didn't play much but who worked hard after school . . . a boy with no close pals, who had never had a girl."

Aaron P. Wilson in the words of a neighbor: " 'He was a lonely kid, quiet, not as bright as he should be. He stayed to himself, played to himself, never did what the other kids did; never even played ball'."

Samuel D. Hawkins: "He was not a troublemaker, but he had no close friends, no buddy, no girl."

William C. White, one of three Negroes in the group: "His nickname was 'W. C.' and he didn't have any special friends."

Clarence Adams, another Negro: " 'He was a sweet boy,' his fourth-grade teacher said. . . . 'But it was hard to draw him out. He was shy and quiet, nearly always alone'."

Arlie H. Pate: "He was silent and melancholy, a boy who was never chosen by his classmates for anything, who didn't make friends or have a girl, despite his good looks. . . . After he enlisted he came home on leave once in the spring of 1950 and then was shipped to Tokyo. He sent home pictures of himself cheek to cheek with a Japanese girl, the first girl he had ever had."

Howard G. Adams as described by a teacher: " 'He got along well enough with his classmates though he wasn't popular and he had no girl'."

Lewis W. Griggs: "He was never seen with anyone else around the halls of the school: 'he never paid the slightest attention to girls in class or in the corridors'."

Richard R. Tenneson: "He didn't mix much with boys or date girls."

John R. Dunn: "No particular pals. . . . He never had a date with a girl."

NOW these, obviously, are not causes: they are symptoms. Perhaps, as Mrs. Pasley says, the one key in the whole equation is our all but universal lack, and fear, of any real knowledge, sophistication, education about Communism; or in fact about politics or the world or what you will. If every man has his breaking point, she dryly observes, it is still not necessary to make the process quite as easy for the Communists as it was in these twenty-one instances.

From Radio Peiping we heard on June 18 that three of the young men have had enough, that they will soon be allowed to depart from China. It is also hinted that a number of others may follow. Interesting as all this may be, I am afraid that it is not going to be of any help to Corp. Rufus Elbert Douglas, of Texon, Texas, the one member of the group who would probably most like to come home, if he only could. The Communists announced about a year ago—it was only four months after he had made his Great Choice—that, at the age of twenty-seven, he had died of a heart attack somewhere in China. That's right—a heart attack.

Of the Twenty-one Who Stayed

18 grew up in poverty, and of these 8 had known real deprivation.
2 were comfortably fixed, about average.
1 was well off, better than average.

16 came from small towns or rural communities; only 1 came from a really big metropolitan city (Detroit).
1 was born and raised in Antwerp, Belgium (he came to the U. S. at the age of eighteen). All the rest were native born.

3 are Negroes, the rest white, 16 are Protestants of various denominations; 4 are Roman Catholics: 1 is a Greek Catholic; there are no Jews.

16 had homes broken by death, divorce, or separation.
19 felt unloved or unwanted by fathers or stepfathers.
11 lost their fathers at an early age (8 through divorce, 3 through death); 9 of the 11 mothers remarried; only 1 boy took stepfather's name; the other 8 had different names from rest of family.
6 were treated with extreme brutality by fathers or stepfathers, and the mothers of 2 of these were problem drinkers.
10 had at times lived with relatives, in foster homes, in institutions.

16 were average or below in I. Q. (5 were well below normal.)
17 didn't finish high school.
2 had had a short spell at college under the G. I. Bill.
19 were considered undereducated by their teachers no matter what grade they had attained in school: this includes the 2 "college" boys.
18 took no part in school activities or sports. Only 1 was ever chosen by his classmates for anything.
16 were withdrawn, lone wolves (and 4 of these were clearly picked on).

20 were Regular-Army volunteers, but only 1 volunteered to fight.
5 were veterans of World War II.
2 won the Bronze Star for Heroism, and 1 of these won the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster *in Korea.*
15 were twenty-one years of age or younger when they were captured; 3 were seventeen; 4 were eighteen; 5 were nineteen. Only 3 were ever in trouble with the Army. Only 3 had ever been in trouble (minor) with juvenile authorities.

20 had never heard of Communism except as a dirty word.
20 had no idea what they were fighting for in Korea.

—Based on material in the book.

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A Murderer's Mind

"Before I Kill More . . ." by Lucy Freeman *(Crown. 316 pp. $3.50), is a study of the case of an attractive Chicago youth named William Heirens, who committed an apparently inexplicable series of murders. Wenzell Brown, our reviewer, is the author of "The Lonely Hearts Murders" and other works on criminology.*

By Wenzell Brown

DURING 1946 and 1947 Chicago was the scene of a series of crimes so bizarre that they hit newspaper headlines throughout the world. Starting as burglaries in which women's underclothing was stolen, the crimes developed into a succession of murders. In each case the victim was female and the body was washed after death. The most frightful of these crimes was the slaying and dismemberment of six-year-old Suzanne Degnan. The most fantastic was the knifing of Mrs. Frances Brown, whose nude body had been dragged to the bathtub for cleansing. On the living room wall written in lipstick was a message from the murderer: "For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more. I cannot control myself."

In June 1947 William George Heirens, a handsome, popular, seventeen-year-old University of Chicago student was arrested and confessed to the crimes. Subsequently Heirens pleaded guilty on three counts of murder and ten of robbery and was sentenced to life imprisonment. From the standpoint of the police the case was solved but a far greater mystery still remained: What changed this apparently normal, attractive youth from a solid middle-class home into a mass murderer?

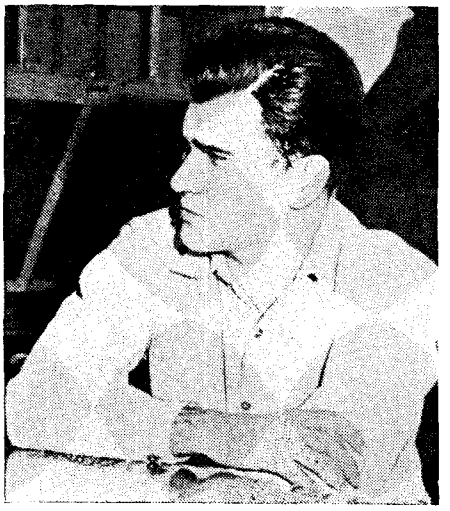
Lucy Freeman has set out on what she terms as a quest to uncover the personality factors, the psychiatric disturbances, the traumatic shocks which resulted in the character disbalance that made Heirens's crimes possible. It is disappointing to report that Miss Freeman has been only partly successful in her quest. Heirens fails to emerge from her book as a fully recognizable human being. Part of this failure springs from Heirens's unwillingness to cooperate, part from the fact that the traumatic experiences which molded his personality may have preceded his memory, and part from Miss Freeman's preconceived theories of psychiatry.

Nevertheless, this is an important and invaluable study, told with warmth and a deep feeling for humanity. Miss Freeman does not question Heirens's guilt but she recognizes the obsessive drives that compelled him to act as he did. She challenges the wide schism between the legal and the medical definitions of insanity and, while she realizes that it matters little to Heirens whether his confinement be in a sanitarium or a prison, she is greatly troubled by the damage which society inflicts upon itself by making its courts instruments of vengeance rather than utilizing its power for prevention of crime and the rehabilitation of the offender.

Heirens's motivations, she finds, sprang from neither greed nor cruelty but rather from a distorted idealism. He was shocked and repelled by thoughts of normal sexual activity and bedeviled by guilt complexes because of his sexual urges. This inner conflict between what he regarded as the good and evil parts of himself developed into a split personality. He thought of the good part as himself; to the bad he gave the name of George Murman. So deep was his schizophrenia that even under the influence of truth serum (sodium pentothal) he refused to admit his guilt but placed the responsibility upon "George," with whom he had had constant arguments. "George" was so vivid in Heirens's mind that "William" frequently wrote letters to him. In describing "George" Miss Freeman feels that Heirens called upon "the father image."

TO HEIRENS entrance through a closed window was the symbolic enactment of the sex act. Each of his murders were done when "a loud noise" interrupted him while he was in an intense state of excitation. Miss Freeman feels that the murders were the acting out of "the death wish" and that the washing of the bodies was a ritualistic cleansing which freed Heirens from any sense of guilt.

In summarizing Miss Freeman indicates that all men have the same basic motivating drives that in their extreme forms impelled Heirens to murder. She suggests that society obtains a sense of release from its collective guilt when it punishes the violators of its code, which is more satisfying than the employment of curative methods. Every man who studies Heirens's case, she seems to say, will find part of himself there, and if he is moved to compassion rather than hate he will understand himself better.



—From " 'Before I Kill More . . .' "

William Heirens—"a distorted idealism."

Notes

UNEVEN-HANDED JUSTICE: The late Governor Alfred E. Smith was a strong proponent of the revolutionary idea that the sentencing power in criminal cases should be taken from the judiciary and vested in a board of specialists. Scores of outstanding students of our criminal courts have also been urging just such a reform on the ground that judges show a marked tendency to allow prisoners to plead guilty to reduced levels of crime (and thereby receive reduced sentences) in order to take the pressure off the court calendar. As a result widely disparate sentences are often meted out to offenders with the same factual degree of guilt. Now Israel Berkhardt, a professional lawyer who has been a New York City probation officer for twenty years, has issued a bookful of his reports on the backgrounds of convicted prisoners—reports which he had submitted to the judges before sentencing took place. In **"The Violators"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) Mr. Berkhardt reveals the sentences which were imposed on twenty-seven criminals despite his reports, and the reader cannot help being shocked by a sickening capriciousness in the tendency of some judges to ignore the probationary findings and to sentence almost indiscriminately without regard for human values. The cases of a Dr. Maximilian and of Dr. Amos Dalton, for example, are shocking

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xamples. Dr. Maximilian, a profes-ional abortionist, came through smil-ıg with a mild sentence while the minently respectable Dr. Amos Dal-ɔn, who had been emotionally en-rapped in a referral to an abortionist, aw his accomplishments of a useful fetime sundered by the purblindness f the sentencing jurist. The reader annot help being also startled by the ases of two septuagenarians, each ·ith no prior criminal record, who ·ere lured into sex offenses by a alculating fourteen-year-old girl. odomy was the formal charge, and ne offender netted a twenty-year rison term (tantamount to "life" at is age) while the other drew from ıe same judge—who was fully aware ·om Mr. Berkhardt's reports that the ·o men were equally guilty by any easonable method of equation—a entence of only six months to three ears. It is a wonder that Mr. Berk-ardt's book is not an angry book, ut it is not, for Mr. Berkhardt is bviously a fair-minded man and he mply wants to make a fair point.

—FRANK O'LEARY.

'ATERFRONT JUNGLE: The millions of ıoviegoers who have seen the Acad-my Award winner "On the Water-ont" know there is a Catholic priest ı the New York City waterfront who ith scant encouragement from the ıen involved acts as conscience and ɔearhead of the opposition to what as been called a "lawless frontier of ·ime." In real life this priest is the everend John Michael Corridan, .J., and his story is told by writer llen Raymond in **"Waterfront Priest"** Holt, $3.50). Where most men wait ıtil triumph crowns their efforts to ·port on them Father Corridan—escribed by Mr. Raymond as a hick-set, burly man, with a touch of ıe gladiator . . . the waterfront priest of the same strain as John L. Sulli-ın"—talks from the depths of the test of many setbacks. For after nine ficial investigations, numerous news-ıper exposés, and "clean-up" oper-ions by major unions the New York ɔcks are still what they were in the ırly footage of "On the Waterfront" ·a crime-ridden jungle dominated by ıngsters with criminal records. ıther Corridan offers no easy solu-ɔn to this messy interplay of crime, ɔlitics, and the shipping industry. .deed, he is quick to admit there is ɔ fast one. But the Waterfront Priest ·who teaches at the Labor School of . Francis Xavier—provides the faith ·ound which the few who dare to ght the criminal forces can still ıther. At the moment his is a story defeat, but next year it may be one progress. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

FICTION

To the West End, with Love

***"The Flower Girls," by Clemence Dane** (W. W. Norton. 629 pp. $4.95), a new novel by the author of "Broome Stages," is another story of the English stage, this time set in 1946 and with an Anglo-American theme.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

"I HOPE you have not got charm, Jacy? Over here it is very out-moded to have charm," grumbles Jacy Florister's English uncle, Paxton, on Jacy's arrival in London. A few hours later, however, when Jacy begins to tingle at first sight of his alluring cousin Olive across a crowded room—

"Charm!" says Pax in his ear. "Her mother had it! Such charm! Such charm!"

At this stage in Clemence Dane's new novel, "The Flower Girls," the American reader may do some involuntary tingling of his own. He has already met Jacy's American mother, Isobel, who is dead before the story opens, killed in an auto accident with a "blond dago." He knows that she was ignorant, shallow, insanely possessive, and mean-spirited to the point of malevolence. Now it seems that charm, conceded in the Briton, is only insincerity in the Yank. Is this going to be one more English novel about obnoxious Americans and the darling, eccentric English?

Fortunately, any such suspicion will have been forgotten by the time one has penetrated a dozen chapters into this great, warm, leisurely, brimming labyrinth of a book. Miss Dane uses the Jamesian theme. The fact that her hero, Jacy, is British by citizenship and American by upbringing, a former child film star who has grown up with a hankering for his unknown British kin, gives the author a means for comparing the British culture with the American, or at least with the Californian. It would be untrue to imply that the British come off second-best, but the American portrait is done without malice; rather with shrewd affection and good will, and the hint that even the least attractive Americanism, as exemplified by Isobel, may turn into something quite different in another generation. A naive, nervous Anglophile, Jacy arrives in England outward cocky but inwardly unsure. He winds up disillusioned but matured, the hope of his family.

With the consummate skill of an old pro, Miss Dane juggles her transatlantic theme on half a dozen levels, including a fragmentary play-within-a-novel about Pocahontas and Captain John Smith. Even so, one sometimes has the feeling that the international idea was slipped in to give the book importance and justify its 629 pages. In essence "The Flower Girls" is not fiction-with-a-message, though it contains a message. It is not a love story, though it appears to be Jacy's. It is far more than a virtuoso's showpiece. What is it, then, but a valentine?—a great, lacy love letter to the British theatre such as that institution has not received since the same author's "Broome Stages."

Like any fiction focused on a particular year—in this case 1946—and bestrewn with the names of real people—in this case old movie stars—this book will date after a time. But, as Clemence Dane tells us through her characters, she is not concerned about that, since all art speaks primarily to its own time. As of 1955 "The Flower Girls" is as good an investment as British tweed or china. The reader cannot skip through it in a couple of evenings, but if he takes it slowly, turning over each polished image, hoarding his pleasure, he will come at last to the end reluctant to finish the experience, leave the Floristers, and exit from the theatre.

—Jacket design for "The Flower Girls."

". . . valentine to the British theatre."

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Welsh Nuggets

"Adventures in the Skin Trade and Other Stories," by Dylan Thomas *(New Directions. 275 pp. $3.50), a collection of short and fragmentary pieces written over many years, offers evidence of the late Welsh poet's considerable talent for fiction.*

By William Peden

SEVERAL of the fictional pieces in Dylan Thomas's "Adventures in the Skin Trade" were orginally published in volumes long out of print or in relatively obscure little magazines; according to the publisher, approximately half of them "never received book publication before; a number of stories have not previously been published on this side of the Atlantic; and three can be said to be given their first open publication." Dylan Thomas, although recognized primarily as a poet, was one of the potentially great prose writers of his generation. This volume is therefore an event of real importance; we are indebted to Thomas's publisher and his associates, although we might wish they had included the original dates and places of publication of the pieces in this collection.

For it must be emphasized that many of these stories, sketches, and prose poems are the work of a very young writer. They tend to be repetitious both in subject matter and method. Set in the Jarvis Hills of Wales that Thomas knew so intimately, they are a curious mixture of folklore, fantasy, allegory, realism, and surrealism. The smell of death is on many of them, and the dry laughter of madness runs through them, and the incubus of sex hovers over them like a slowly-descending shroud. In the group of stories which includes "The Tree," "The Visitor," "The Holy Six," and "The School for Witches," a child crucifies an idiot, a father burns alive his sin-conceived baby, the plague on a white horse devastates a rural community. These stories are uniquely Dylan Thomas, unique in their intensity, in the prodigality of their rhetoric, in a kind of hyperthyroid sensitivity. But if the younger Thomas was memorably individualistic, he was also uncommonly repetitious. This repetition (death and the worm, sin and remorse, superstition and apocalyptic vision) is at first irritating and eventually nauseating. The intense and morbid violence of such stories, however, is part of their power. Although a little of this sort of thing goes a long way and you might not admire such pieces collectively, you simply can't forget them. Once you've read them they're painfully and indelibly part of your vicarious experience.

The most conspicuous defects of this sort of story—lack of perspective, lack of narrative control, and the total absence of a saving sense of humor—are not characteristic of Thomas's later fiction. The novel-in-progress which gives the present collection its title, for example, is disciplined, controlled, authoritative. This comic-saga of young Samuel Bennet's first experiences in London is fresh, wonderful, and outrageously funny. Samuel ("a nice, harmless boy, curly hair and big eyes and all") might be described as a Welsh Stephen Daedalus with a perverse and occasionally decadent sense of humor, or a literary-minded David Copperfield with an overwhelming but inhibited interest in female anatomy; his devastation of his parents' home, his trip to London, and his subsequent adventures with a fantastic group of City derelicts are among the treasures that the comic spirit has produced in recent years.

Some time before Thomas's meaningless, unnecessary death, the present reviewer asked the gentle, irascible, tormented little man what he was going to "do" next—he had been lamenting, with his wild and wondrous rhetoric, the fact that he had "accomplished so little" in recent years. He didn't know, Thomas said; he had no idea what he was going to do, but of one thing he was certain—it was going to be different. "Adventures in the Skin Trade" suggests the nature of some of those differences. Here are all the indications of a really great novelist in the making.

—Ron Spillman—Black Star.

Peter Abrahams—"first-rate writer."

Dignity in the Depths

"Mine Boy," by Peter Abrahams *(Alfred A. Knopf. 252 pp. Paperbound, $1.25), is a story of love and death and hate in the native quarter of South Africa's Johannesburg.*

By Hollis Alpert

"MINE BOY," a novel from South Africa, is striking in a number of ways, but what becomes apparent about it, almost at once, is the unusual simplicity of its idiom. The story is told, for the most part, in one- and two-syllable words, and the sentences are uncommonly short, too. My first thought was that such a technique would be bound to grow tiring after awhile, but nothing of the sort happens. The language used by Peter Abrahams (author of a recent autobiography, "Tell Freedom") is not only well adapted to the uncomplicated mind of the hero, a native who comes from his country village to work in Johannesburg, but manages to combine qualities of directness and richness.

Here is a description from the book of a native quarter in Johannesburg: "Malay Camp. A row of streets crossing another row of streets. Mostly narrow streets. A row of houses crossing another row of houses. And so it went. Streets crossing streets. Houses crossing houses. Leaning, dark houses that hid life and death and love and hate and would not show anything to the passing stranger."

As you can see, there's artfulness in this kind of writing, and something very close to mannerism. But Mr. Abrahams, throughout, has used the method so well, that it seldom obtrudes. This is because he has kept strictly to his purpose; he has wanted to show us the life and death and love and hate in one of the dark, squalid corners of the earth, and also to prove that within the confines of a Malay Camp, or a Vrededorp, there is much that is good and dignified.

When Xuma comes to Johannesburg he is in need, though hardly knowing it, of some basic things: shelter, work, a community, affection, love, and understanding. He finds them all, just about in that order. Malay Camp, like any other place, has them. But associated with finding all these things, for Xuma, is a great deal of pain. Xuma is black, a black man in a world that makes extraordinary distinctions between the varying shades of skin color. I suppose that "Mine Boy" can be taken as a novel

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f racial protest, but to call it simply hat would be highly unfair.

For one thing, the protest is kept nuted all the way, and if anyone is neant to symbolize a thesis it's Paddy, white mine foreman, who champions the cause of the native mine vorkers. As a matter of fact, the story ends to be weakest when Paddy nters into it, for he is a kind of gurehead. But when Mr. Abrahams ells us about Xuma, a "Skokiaan Queen" called Leah, a pretty "coloured" schoolteacher called Eliza, nd some of the other inhabitants of Malay Camp, the reader is both fasinated and moved. No qualifications re needed about "Mine Boy" as a ovel. Peter Abrahams is a first-rate vriter, very much in command of imself in his second novel.

Notes

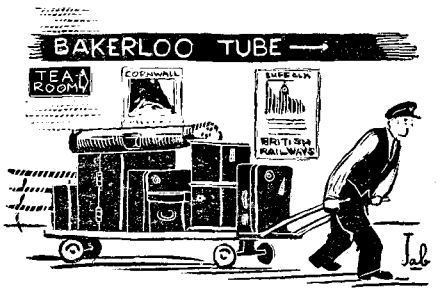
ATTLE OF THE SOUL: Somewhere, bured in the alluvial deposit of Thomas oethals's feverish and turbid prose **"Chains of Command"** (Random louse, $3.95) is a story about a U.S. rmy Intelligence Staff which failed o read the signs pointing to the Gerıan break-through in December 1944, nd about a confused young Ameriın officer who, believing himself esponsible for the death of a comade, wages his most harrowing skirıishes on the battlefield of his own onscience. It could have been a good story, dramatically revealing the transformation of character struggling under the traumatic impact of violent events and the crushing weight of huge responsibility. But Mr. Goethals seems to believe that he is dealing with themes bordering upon the ineffable, and has chosen to give them verbal substance in a style which often is simply an audacious imitation of the later work of William Faulkner. This is folly, for even Faulkner is sometimes guilty of painful self-parody, so delicate a line does he tread between the sublime and the ridiculous. But in the main Faulkner's form and content, growing unbid and naturally from the matrix of his own brooding and peculiar genius, and expressive of it alone, have become mutually appropriate, the one inextricable from the other. Goethals achieves at best an artificial coupling, and does injustice to his own talents, which one suspects are considerable.

—JEROME STONE.

A FOUNDLING FINDS HER WAY: Diana Marr-Johnson, whose first novel, **"Bella North"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.50), is just published, is a niece of Somerset Maugham, and she does her famous uncle proud. Those archaic virtues of a piece of English fiction that we have grown all but reconciled to doing without—a respect for language, a high degree of literacy, structural integrity, emotional intensity, and an indubitable concern for and involvement in the practice of literature, are present in this simple, unassuming, but enormously successful book.

Bella North, the heroine, is a foundling; the novel begins with society's discovery of her, aged three weeks, in the vast, noisy wastes of Paddington Station, continues through her wretched existence in children's "homes," a brief prison and reform episode, and concludes with her self-discovery (when she accepts love, which she has been continually seeking and, through fear, perpetually rejecting) once more in the impersonal, furious chaos of Paddington Station. "Bella North" is, in its quiet way a roaring indictment of institutions, and a powerful claim for the prodigious power of love.

After the disastrous denouement to her first *affaire de coeur* at the age of three—a nurse, who has surreptitiously shown her affection, leaves—Bella becomes incapable of reciprocating loves. She seizes upon the curious device of inducing a friend to have an illegitimate child and give it to her; in this manner she expects to satisfy her need for love without fear of loss. The arrangement proves ex-



tremely gratifying—Bella North is inordinately fond of children—but inadequate.

Mrs. Marr-Johnson is reminiscent of the Victorians, particularly of Bennett, but her work suffers from a two-dimensionality, a lack of complexity, and, perhaps, a certain hereditary propensity for tear jerking. Yet, anyone who can portray the talents of a foundling home nurse thus:

> She . . . wanted to be a vet. . . . She had once spent six months training to be a kennelmaid, where the small amount of written work she was supposed to do was a penance, and after misreading some instructions she had given a dog a dose which proved fatal. Frustrated in her attempt to care for animals, she turned to children, and found a place where happily no qualifications were demanded.

deserves our undivided attention.

—DACHINE RAINER.

RECOMMENCED AFFAIR: Gladys Schmitt, whose excursions into recent and ancient history ("The Gates of Aulis," "David the King") have elicited such extravagant praise as "authentic genius," "great," and "profound and creative," has now written "a novel of today" which is quite without distinction, mechanical in plot, and superficial in characterization. **"The Persistent Image"** (Dial, $3.50) is the story of a recommenced love affair between a rather sullen and irritable young man and a well-bred girl who, having virtually left him at the altar six years earlier to marry another, has returned home as the book opens, bearing the scars of her miserable relationship with the ill-chosen mate, and bringing a beautiful, nervous little daughter in whose features the once-rejected suitor sees the hated face of his rival. After a good deal of dispirited wrangling of one kind and another, things fall into line and the way is left clear for a happy ending which would have been more heartening if the author had managed to involve us more with her characters and their problems. —J. S.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 627

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 627 will be found in the next issue.

NGWF DLF W QXPDWKG

QLP ELXP QLG

ML NLF HF OL

MHDSG FNEMGAQ.

MNWYGMBGWPG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 626

Optimism is a kind of heart stimulant—the digitalis of failure.

—Elbert Hubbard.

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The Community Friend

THE familiar by the very fact of its omnipresence often finds the nature of the benefits it bestows obscured. Like those denizens of fortunate lands where water is plentiful and skies are bright, who accept their blessings with never a thought that they are not universal, the American of today is all too apt to take the libraries that dot his country as a matter of course. And yet he should not, for there is no more potent force for good in the community than these repositories of books. Libraries are so much more than mere storehouses. Along with the pulpit, the press, and the school they have been a seminal factor in the education of the nation. To too many the library is merely a building to display with pride or, at best, a last resort in an emergency, not an institution housing enormous treasures and a fecund source of information in every field.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether the average person is at all aware of the varied facilities which the present-day library places at his disposal. For the scholar or writer whose work demands exacting research, for the student seeking elaboration of the compressed information of his textbooks, for the casual reader desiring merely entertainment the library, of course, offers the wherewithal to fulfil his needs. But besides this primary function "over and beyond the call of duty" the library of today affords a multiplicity of services. The New York Public Library, for instance, not only houses great collections in various fields but offers education courses for young and old which embrace discussions of current events, national outlooks and problems, books and art: it holds film forums and concerts, live and recorded, exhibitions of books, photographs, manuscripts, etc. It maintains a Readers' Advisers Service which not only answers innumerable questions but issues booklists for students, clubs, and similar groups; it distributes music scores and records; it maintains a library for the blind which makes available books in Braille and talking books free of cost, and it has a photographic and microfilm service. The Rochester Public Library, whose information service in 1954 answered more than 74,000 inquiries, has instituted a uniform borrower's card which is good in any library not only in the city but in the Monroe County system. Like the Cleveland library and those of certain other cities, it sends books into the homes of the ill, has storytelling hours for children, and adult-education courses conducted on an informal basis mostly for individuals. The Louisville Public Library, which recently installed small pushcarts for the convenience of readers desiring number of books at a time, sends film into schools and homes from its audio visual department, lends for tw months at a time framed reproduc tions of art works, pipes tape record ings into schools, and sends hundred of bookmobiles into the country dis tricts. The Public Library of Detroi in addition to its other functions, ha taken on the supervision of a priso library. In Tennessee, and other state as well, there are scores of tiny com munity libraries located in grocer stores, filling stations, etc. These ar but a few instances, chosen almos at random, from the multiplicity c activities of the libraries of the coun try.

Public institutions chronically suf fer from lack of funds, but it is sad footnote to the excellent recor which American libraries have writ ten into the history of their countr that appropriations should be con sistently inadequate, and librarians- than whom no class in the communit renders more devoted service—lam entably underpaid. Never was ther a time when what the library stanc for was more needed than toda; Never has the citizen stood more i need of information or, as a matte of fact, been more eager to increas his knowledge of peoples and place and forces which suddenly have be come of overwhelming importanc have changed from mere impressior istic figures or geographical expres sions or romantic ideas into matter of life and death. Recently there hav sprung up in various cities, in sup port of both public and private libra ries, groups known as "Friends of th Library," whose endeavor is to rous the public interest or to bring pressu to bear on legislatures for increase library budgets. Whether as part a group or as an individual ever citizen owes allegiance to his librar For it is always and everywhere friend to his community. —A. L.

Return to Strangeness

By Dilys Laing

REMEMBERING maps we think the road unchanged
but taking it again we make a different journey

Same names of valleys highways hills and selves
but on the slopes another season other flowers
while in the twiggy orchards of our nerves
time is transformed in bitterness and grace

Nothing is ever twice not even what we mean
when too much trusting language we repeat
names that have gathered to themselves new truths
of ancient knowledge lately found

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EXAGGERATED INFLUENCE

Speaking of the decline of the Georgian movement, Nathaniel Burt in his article "The Rebel Galaxy in American Poetry" [*SR* June 11] writes: "It is one measure of the tremendous impact of American poetry in this period that in the persons of Eliot and Pound the American Rebels conquered England itself and routed the Loyal Redcoats of Masefield and De la Mare on their own ground." This is a lovely sentence, but certainly it exaggerates Pound's and Eliot's influence and the impact they had on the London literary scene between 1908 and 1920. Georgianism, a bad term from the beginning, collapsed because the poets loosely identified with it either had little merit or found that they could not grow. Their aim, insofar as they had a collective aim, was, as Drinkwater put it, to "destroy lethargy." But philosophically there was nothing new in their reactions to nature and their poetry concentrated on what Laura Riding and Robert Graves called 'uncontroversial subjects"—nature, love, leisure, old age, childhood, animals, and sleep. Technically, since the bulk of them were not skilful enough to advance from Tennysonianism, they relied on their competence in traditional meters. Ezra Pound, in speaking to me on this point, put the matter succinctly: "It was not so much stagnation as a receding through Tennyson to Wordsworth."

My point is that Georgianism would have collapsed had the modernists never come on the scene. By 1922, when Osbert Sitwell wrote "The Jolly Old Squire, or Way-Down in Georgia," so much bad poetry had appeared, authored by Squire, Shanks, and others of that ilk, that the bad poets had driven out the good. Indeed, by the time the fourth Georgian Anthology appeared, representing 1918-1919, the bad characteristics of Georgianism were so pronounced that Harold Monro wrote: "Some of the writers are imitating each other . . ." With this volume the critical attacks began in earnest.

Richard J. Stonesifer.

Lancaster, Pa.

MECHANICS AND HUMANISTS

Those are rather moldy straw men that Joseph Wood Krutch exhumed for his editorial "Are the Humanities Worth Saving" [*SR* June 4, 11]. I think one would be hard put to find an outstanding scientist who still worships in Mr. Huxley's monolithic church where Science was enshrined as *the* culture of the age. Indeed, the scientists of today—Einstein, Pauling, Urey, Openheimer, to name but few—are the foremost champions who are striving for the preservation of the whole spectrum of values created by man.

But one can only say amen to Mr. Krutch's conclusion that it is not very helpful to categorize the Sciences as humane" only when they are taught as cultural rather than professional subjects. The question is not the ultimate goal of the teaching but the scope of the teaching. A chemistry professor is a mere mechanic if he simply tells his students that Mendeleeff aligned the known elements in order of increasing atomic weight and finding gaps in the sequence predicted that unknown elements which could fill those gaps must exist. However, if the professor goes on to emphasize that Mendeleeff's prediction was a bold affirmation of faith that there is a pattern, a reason in nature, then he is not a mechanic but what Krutch would call a humanist. On the other hand, if a professor of English spends his energies on the *minutiae* of someone else's writings then he is not a humanist but a mechanic. And I rather think that the incidence of mechanics among scientists is not much greater than among humanists.

Ernest Borek.

New York, N. Y.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"So you want a George Washington hat like little Davy Crockett's, eh?"

INERT AND INCAPABLE

Joseph Wood Krutch wrote four pages about the distinction between the humanities and the sciences without coming to a clear-cut decision. May I offer a suggestion? Scientific methods are ideal for determining what is, what has been, and what shall probably be, but being merely tools they cannot tell us what to do about it. I see no reason for confusing purpose, which cannot be proven but only accepted and developed, with factual knowledge, which in itself is inert and incapable of supplying values.

Robert G. Boyd.

Topeka, Kansas.

COMPATIBLE COMPANIONS

Joseph Wood Krutch's defense of the humanities received what was probably unplanned but nevertheless very effective support from Aaron Sussman's review of "Banned Books," by Anne Haight, in the same issue [*SR* June 11]. Being a "continued-story enthusiast," I turned to Krutch's article first and was gratified to find he had expressed so adeptly the convictions I believe in so heartily. When I turned to Sussman's review it almost seemed to be a continuation of the same theme. Krutch speaks of "the power to convince" in validating any work which claims a place among the humanities. Surely one can find no clearer proof of such a power than has been exhibited in the twenty-two centuries of book-banning related by Miss Haight. If this power were a myth (as so many of our "scientific" thinkers would have us believe) the long history of men's attempts to suppress any writings contrary to their own ideas would read quite differently.

Mrs. John Minet.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

THE NOT-SO-PROVINCIAL BOOKSHOP

In thirty-one years of breathing, ten years of reading your journal, and nine of bookselling (and being an author) I've never come as near apoplexy as I did when I read Cyril Connolly's reference to British bookstores [*SR* May 7]. It would seem that his horizon is so low that he never leaves the big city and accepts the perfume salesmen's reports of provincial bookshops.

We stock and sell authors ranging from Mary McCarthy, J. D. Salinger, and Carson McCullers to Kingsley Amis, Angus Wilson, and John Wylie. We have no pools, scent, or rock. And should any latter-day Palinurus fall asleep and drown in a nearby pond we don't sell mourning stationery.

Martyn Goff.

Banstead, Surrey.

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGI

America mov

Private industry, working with government, is making bold plans atomic electric power; by 1980, 6 of all generating plants being ad that year may be atom-powe

Ten years ago, the most important si fact about the atom was its potential pc as a weapon of war. Today, most impor is the atom's tremendous promise a source of peacetime power.

How well is America doing in deve ing this peacetime power? How soon atom-made electricity be widespread?

Where do we stand today?

Our government is taking major stride release atomic information to U. S. c panies, and to invite them to share in atc development. The outlook is promis

For example, General Electric has l chosen by the Nuclear Power Group, to build the largest all-nuclear atomic e tric plant yet announced. The plant, w will serve the Chicago area, will be ow and operated by Commonwealth Ed Company,* and is expected to be in op tion within five years.

The Yankee Atomic Electric Comp representing a dozen New England pc companies, has plans to build an atc electric plant in western Massachusett

33 other companies — 25 of them e tric utilities — have joined together as Atomic Power Development Associ Inc., to concentrate on research for the nomic utilization of atomic energy electric power. Part of this group plar have a breeder-reactor-type atomic ele plant operating in the Detroit area by 1

Many homes in the New York City a if present plans work out, may have a made electricity within five years.

These are only a few of the peace atomic energy programs now under wa the United States. By 1970, our fore indicate, 14% of all new generating pl built in the U.S. will be atom-powe And by 1980, the atom's share of pl built that year may be 65%.

The free world's security depends on progr

These plans and forecasts are encoura for the fate of the entire free world well depend on how swiftly America d ops wide peacetime use of atomic en

*Co-sponsors of the project include: American G Electric Service Corporation; Bechtel Corpor Central Illinois Light Company; Illinois Power Com Kansas City Power and Light Company; Pacific Electric and Union Electric Company of Mi

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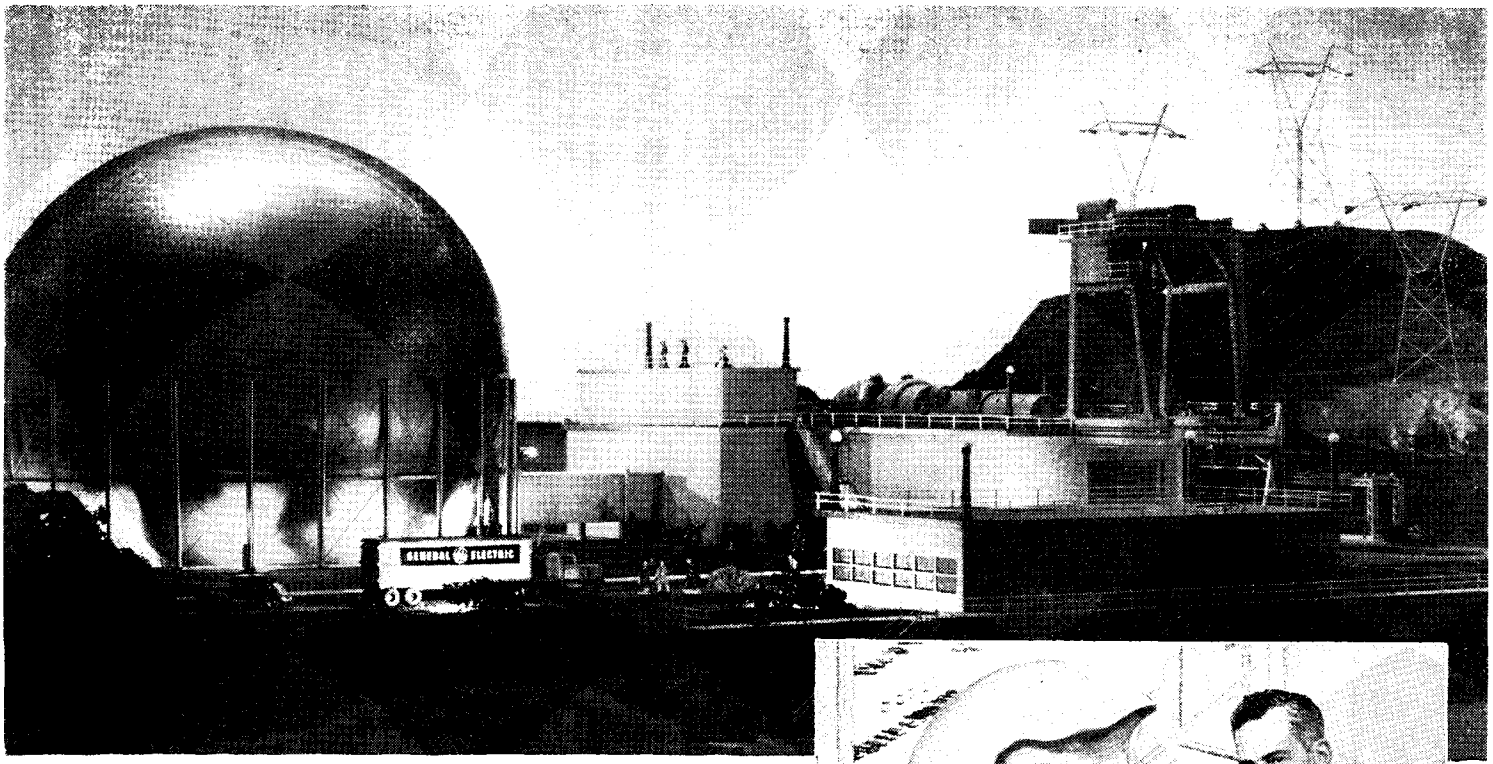
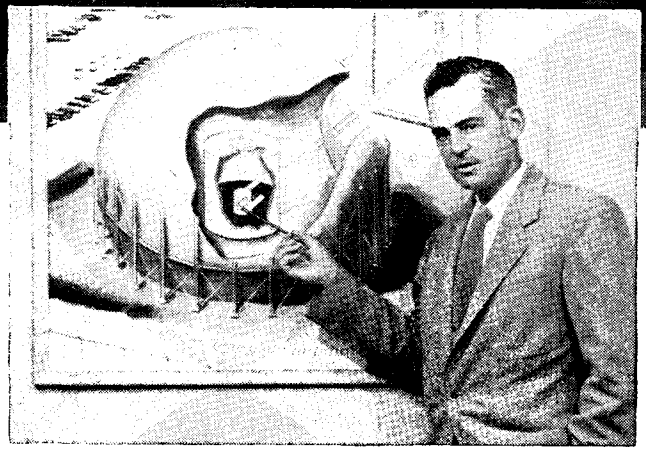
produce electric power from the atom





omic electric plant of the future? This model shows what a power plant built produce atom-made electricity might look like. *At right,* Francis K. McCune, neral Electric Vice President and General Manager of our Atomic Products vision, points out a symbolic view of an atomic reactor housed in the protective el sphere. If you would like a copy of a 16-page illustrated booklet, "Putting the om to Work," plus a full-color diagram showing how electricity can be made from atom, write General Electric, Department K2-119, Schenectady, New York.

England and other European coun-ies are hungry for the abundant elec-ic power that the atom promises. They e it as a chance to regain the stature ey had before their resources were asted by war. "Have-not" Asia and frica, and large, undeveloped areas of atin America need it for their industry id their people. And so nuclear energy, r Russia, has become a long-range in-rument for economic and political ominance. Communism *plus* atomic wer might convert the world where ommunism *alone* has failed.

For America, the problem is clear-it; we must make swift, broad prog-ss in developing peacetime atomic ergy for the world. We must be ready ith the promise of atomic fuels and chnical knowledge sooner than any-ne estimated. How can this be done?

Competition will spur achievement

n our opinion, America's atomic prog-ss will continue—and become even ster and bolder—as more and more mpeting private manufacturing com-anies apply their skills, efforts and pital to the problem.

General Electric has been engaged in basic nuclear research since the 1930's. Today more than 12,000 of our employees are assigned to atomic projects. For the government, we are producing plutonium at the Hanford Atomic Works... building a submarine atomic power plant in West Milton, New York... developing a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft at Evendale, Ohio . . . studying possible portable nuclear plants for the Army. Canadian General Electric will build Canada's first atomic electric reactor near Chalk River, Ontario.

We have established a department to design, develop, manufacture and market atomic power equipment for peacetime use. Just recently this department announced the design of a new dual-cycle boiling reactor, which provides for greater efficiency and overcomes many of the problems inherent in earlier power reactor designs. In the next few years, we expect, our work in peacetime atomic energy will double and redouble. And the field is so big and so vital that there is almost unlimited opportunity for many more companies.

American free enterprise has made it possible for the U. S., with only 6% of the world's population, to produce almost 50% of the world's energy and industrial output. Working with the government, private companies have already begun to turn a major source of fear into a major source of fuel, and they are ready to risk their money and their time to do more. As we see it, this is progress in the American way.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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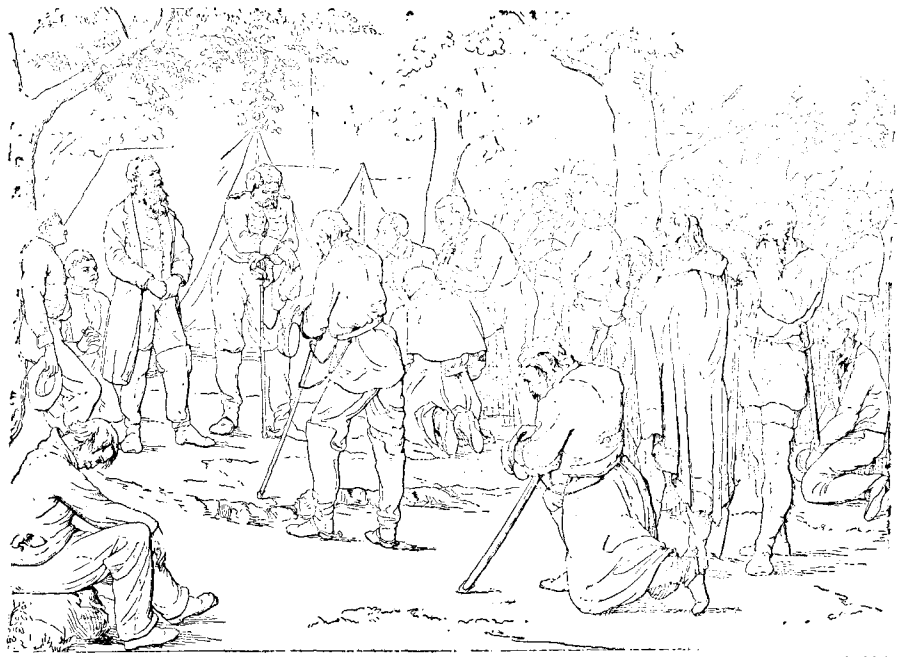

—From "American Battle Art, 1755-1918."

"Prayer in Stonewall Jackson's Camp," by A. J. Volch—"the object was independence."

Civil War, Southern Style

"The Land They Fought For," by Clifford Dowdey *(Doubleday. 438 pp. $6), is a popularly written account of the South's war for independence. It is reviewed by Professor Avery Craven of the University of Chicago, author of "The Rise of Southern Nationalism," and other books.*

By Avery Craven

NO FIELD of American history has been studied more thoroughly than that dealing with the Civil War. Most of its generals, Northern and Southern, have had their biographers. Its campaigns and even its individual battles have been analyzed and criticized. Its causes have been the subject of numerous monographs and its results of nearly as many. Yet Americans still view "their war" with unusual interest and new approaches and new interpretations are seemingly possible.

Clifford Dowdey's "The Land They Fought For" is evidence of this fact. His approach is frankly that of a professional writer, a novelist; of a Southerner—yes, that of a Virginian. As such, he understands the intensely local and personal character of antebellum Southern life, and how it unfitted its people for waging modern warfare. He sees the Confederate armies as made up of individuals who insisted on retaining their individuality, and who tried to fight the war as one of persons against persons. Being largely planters and farmers, and having inherited the English rural values, they had little aptitude for machinery or the kind of cooperation required for creating a nation, a national army, or any brutal, efficient force of destruction. They understood loyalty to locality or to an individual leader. They were moved by a fierce determination to defend their homes and their lands but they had not, as had their opponents, entered the modern world. They did well as long as war was fought by old standards; they faced inevitable defeat when it took on a modern character and the Northern armies made use of the things and the ways which the impersonal industrial age provided and sanctioned.

Jefferson Davis is the villain of Dowdey's story. He was the President of the Confederacy, but he thought of himself as a military genius. He therefore tried to run both the Government and the armies as he might have run his plantation. Yet he lacked the instincts of a Southern planter. He had not been born to the manor; he had acquired both his status and his property. What planter qualities he possessed he had been forced to develop. His patterns were therefore rigid and fixed. To have changed them would have implied failure or inferiority. He had always to be right. He was always standing on his own dignity, unwilling to accept advice.

He treated the members of his Cabinet as though they were mere office boys, wasted his own time on petty details, and never faced the cold hard facts of the kind of war in which his people were engaged. His neglect of Lee, his constant interference with military affairs, his quarrels with Johnston, and his favors to the incompetent Bragg were only the most conspicuous examples of bull-headed self-delusion.

ROBERT E. LEE, on the other hand, emerges from Dowdey's pages as the finest expression of Virginia plantation aristocracy. More by contrast with Davis than by direct praise, the modest, self-disciplined, unspoiled man of larger mold, is brought forward as the one whose skill and devotion prolonged the existence of the Confederacy well beyond its normal life-expectancy.

Lee alone seems to have grasped the fact that the great object was independence not just defense. He realized that victory had to come quickly and through aggressive action. With fewer men and increasingly inferior resources, he not only defended Virginia but twice pushed across the Potomac in the vain hope of gaining a decisive victory. Not until he had lost both Jackson and Stuart and his army had been bled white did he accept the defeat which he had long seen as inevitable. In the end a tattered, hungry body of men, held together by their faith in a great leader, could not hold back a national army which was waging war on civilians and soldiers alike.

It is hardly necessary to remark that Dowdey's estimate of Davis is the one made by his harshest critics, and that he views Lee in much the same light as did Douglas Freeman. There are those who are more friendly to the one and more critical of the generalship of the other. On certain other matters, however, there can be no difference of opinion: The Missouri Compromise line did not extend to the Pacific; John Randolph did not send his slaves back to Africa; John C. Calhoun was still interested in the Presidency as late as 1848; and it takes much imagination to begin the Civil War in 1832 when South Carolina stood alone in nullification, denounced by all her Southern neighbors. It is a fine thing to popularize history, but it is important that what is popularized should be history.

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The Inflexible Abolitionist

"William Lloyd Garrison and the Humanitarian Reformers," by Russel B. Nye *(Little, Brown. 215 pp. $3), tells the story of a turbulent reformer's fight for the freedom of the individual from man-made restrictions. Below it is reviewed by Professor Merle Curti of the University of Wisconsin, president of the American Historical Association, author of "The Growth of American Thought" and other books.*

By Merle Curti

READING Russel B. Nye's "William Lloyd Garrison and the Humanitarian Reformers" brings to mind the leading interpretations of slavery, abolitionism, and the Civil War presented by my teachers at Harvard in the second decade of this century. Albert Bushnell Hart, in his course on Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War, made the moral aspects of slavery the key to the Great Conflict and to the emancipation of the slaves. Frederick Jackson Turner on the other hand, referring only casually to the abolitionists, regarded the Civil War itself as a mere episode in the competitive conflict of the older sections for the new West.

Subsequent scholarship in this field has been largely a matter of refinements and revisions of these two frames of thought. In the 1920s the Beards, like Turner, regarded abolitionism as a minor episode in a larger drama, a drama which for them was not so much the conquest of the West as a second American revolution which established the hegemony of industrial capitalism over agrarianism. This general view has had great vogue. But it did not replace the morality theme. To be sure, Dwight Dumond and Gilbert Barnes provided convincing evidence that in the moral crusade against slavery the Finney revivalists in the West were more important than Garrison, as Hart had held. Other scholars, notably Avery O. Craven, emphasized the great, probably the decisive, role of morality-conscious extremists, both abolitionists and pro-slavery "fire-eaters" in creating fears and hatreds in North and South which made further compromise impossible. Shortly after the Second World War younger historians, of whom Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., was a spokesman, have emphasized the inevitability of the Civil War, an inevitability in which moral right figured in a significant way. Oscar Handlin lends support to this view in his foreword to the most recent volume of his Library of American Biography, Russel B. Nye's "William Lloyd Garrison and the Humanitarian Reformers."

Nye's Pulitzer Prizewinning biography of George Bancroft equipped him for relating Garrison and his fellow abolitionists to the humanitarian and democratic impulses of the mid-nineteenth century. His later book, "Fettered Freedom," traced the complicated relationships between abolitionism and the civil liberties—one of the enduringly significant aspects of the crusade for freeing the slaves.

Professor Nye has also found a way to share his sympathetic insight into Garrison's character at the same time that he makes us fully aware of his subject's shortcomings—his intellectual deficiencies, his inflexibility, his intolerance, his capacity for alienating even those who were working for the same ends. We are also reminded that Garrison neither invented the antislavery movement nor proved its most effective organizer, yet the positive contributions he made to it are carefully defined and well supported. Mr. Nye likewise deals competently with the great cleavage in the movement, between those taking the position of Garrison that it was enough to rest the case on awakening moral conscience, and those favoring political action. In the end the latter position won out despite Garrison's strenuous opposition until its effectiveness was abundantly proved in the Civil War. The reader, moreover, will respond to the warmly human and colorful narrative, a narrative that is sometimes poignant and often exciting in its drama.

The overarching emphasis on the moral aspects of the antislavery crusade and related reforms is all to the good. At the same time there is another dimension to the story which is hardly hinted at. I should like to have had an analytical consideration of abolitionism in its social and economic contexts. In other words, one is left, by implication at least, with the feeling that those historians who emphasized forces other than moral and psychological ones have nothing to offer us here. I do not think that this is the case.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ALIEN TEARS

Here are names of places far from the British Isles, but in each of them an English, Scottish, or Irish poet (full-time or part-time) died in the year shown. At the right of each place-name and date is a line of the poet's verse by way of clue. Cover these up if you want to make the thing tougher. If you identify no more than ten of the poets, regard the result as indifferent; if eleven or twelve, as encouraging; if thirteen or better, as flattering. Answers on page 27.

1.	Rome, Italy	1821 "Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,"
2.	Spezia, Italy	1822 "Oh, weep for Adonais, he is dead!"
3.	Missolonghi, Greece	1824 "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;"
4.	Boulogne, France	1844 "All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;"
5.	Florence, Italy	1861 "But westward, look, the land is bright."
6.	Florence, Italy	1861 "I shall but love thee better after death."
7.	Florence, Italy	1864 "I warmed both hands before the fire of life;"
8.	Trieste, Austria	1872 "The Pope he leads a happy life,"
9.	San Remo, Italy	1888 "They went to sea in a sieve, they did;"
10.	Venice, Italy	1889 "Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!"
11.	Trieste, Austria	1890 "'I am the Truth! I am the Truth!' we hear the God-drunk gnostic cry;"
12.	Apia, Samoa	1894 "Home is the sailor, home from sea,"
13.	Paris, France	1900 "That fellow's got to swing."
14.	Scyros, Greece	1915 "If I should die, think only this of me:"
15.	Zurich, Switzerland	1941 "The snood upon thy yellow hair."

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Schizo on the Musical Staff

"Passport to Paris," by Vernon Duke *(Little, Brown. 502 pp. $5), is the autobiography of a composer whose career has been one long battle between opera and jazz. Howard Dietz, the librettist who reviews it here, has also divided his creative talents between the two.*

By Howard Dietz

VERNON DUKE is widely known as a composer of songs, among others "April in Paris," "I Can't Get Started with You," and the successful score of the Negro musical "Cabin in the Sky." In the theatrical market his stock is a nervous blue chip but listed on the curb. His genuine talent is recognized by hep orchestras who play his music "after hours." He has a partiality for modern chords and is in love with his own ingenuity. Personally he is a figure different from the run of Broadway tune-writers. Symmetrical in looks like a chessman, he dresses like a window dummy, and for a long time wore a monocle. He is a subject of flippant similes and an inspiration for harmless practical jokes which he shrugs off good-humoredly. You cannot decide whether he is the prince or the pauper.

Lest this description be considered too stigmatic for print everything that can be said about him, for and against, is said by himself in "Passport to Paris," an autobiographical odyssey to the capitals of the music world, which bulks 500 pages. It is straightforward—or rather straightbackward accounting of the first fifty years in the life of a bachelor with a flavor, a feeling for living, and the creative spirit. It has erudition, unparaded application of his literary storehouse, style without pretense, and is a contribution to works in English by authors to whom English is a second language.

The theme of the book may be said to be a duel between his dual musical egos, Vladimir Dukelsky, his original self, who wrote for concert and ballet, and the Vernon Duke of the show song. It is not unlike those ambivalent finales in the early Ziegfeldian or George Whitean revues featuring a contest between opera and jazz. Jazz wins in this life story as it was destined to from the day in Constantinople when Vladimir played the sheet music of a song called "Swanee" by George Gershwin.

Duke was born in a railway station in Minsk, his antecedents mongrel and polyglot, Slavic and Viennese with a pure strain in his grand-paternity. He showed a teen-age ability as a composer and practised bravely in the wake of the Red tide. His description of those world-shaking days has the ring of validity and is a contribution to the back-stage picture of what goes on behind The Curtain. Clothing being scarce, our author wore green trousers made from his grandfather's billiard table. On one occasion a local commissar invaded a music session and commanded the class to compose a Soviet opera in two weeks. The facile Vladimir did the bulk of this assignment on the deadline. This was the same amount of time he took several years later on Broadway for a score of "Jackpot" with a lyric writer who shall be nameless instead of shameless.

DESPITE this appeasing tour de force the Dukelskys were forced to tour from the oncoming reign of terror. Through a relative with official connections they managed to embark from Odessa, where after a short stay in Constantinople, supported by remnants of family jewelry, they set sail for New York. During and between battles with poverty, ghostly jobs, and an engagement with a balalaika band in a samovar restaurant wearing a silk blouse, the composer managed to write a concerto for Artur Rubenstein which proved to be his "passport" to Paris. Rubenstein said the pastures there were greener for the Dukelsky talent and fortified him with letters of introduction which led to an audition by the impresario Sergei Diaghilev, who commissioned "Zephyr and Flora," a ballet for Lifar. This performance was received with predominant acclaim and intrenched Dukelsky as the junior amanuensis for the "Roman Emperor" of the ballet. His attachment for Diaghilev never waned and he was bedridden for two days, years later, on the news of the master's demise. Through Diaghilev he met the great Prokofiev, and a correspondence developed that is grist for the autobiographer's mill. Prokofiev was influential in getting the Dukelsky music played in Russia.

—*From "Passport to Paris."*

Vernon Duke—"a brave statement."

In London he lived as a neighbor to George Gershwin, who christened him "Vernon Duke." He also roomed with Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti, the piano duettists, and these three had lively adventures with the young ladies of Mayfair, a likely name for them being "The Three Must-Get-Theirs." There is a lot of name-dropping in this part of the work. London brings that out in one. Drawing-rooms were opened to the new popular composer who had written the score for "Yvonne," which Noel Coward called "Yvonne the Terrible." He also wrote "The Yellow Mask" with songs that sound like the original models for "The Boy Friend" ("It's Nicer to Be Naughty").

Returned to New York but, unlike Orestes, not quite restored, he renewed his struggles, contributing bits to revues and wrote several unsuccessful show scores. But adversity lost out, for Duke could persuade himself "that his flops were hits." He went to Hollywood, where on the premature passing of Gershwin he finished the latter's "Goldwyn Follies."

Duke lives in Hollywood today, selecting for diversion "Renoir-like ladies," and secure in his standard ASCAP numbers. He can congratulate himself on "Passport to Paris," a brave statement of his art, his honor, and his pride. He once challenged Jean Cocteau to a duel which never came off with weapons but was pretty hot while the epithets whirled. That was in Paris.

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Brassy Dame

"Who Could Ask for Anything More," by Ethel Merman, as told to Pete Martin *(Doubleday. 252 pp. $3.50), is an anectodotal autobiography of an incomparable comedienne and singer of popular songs.*

By Lee Rogow

THERE are baseball players with nervous stomachs, there are actors with orgone boxes, there are executives with kindly feelings towards labor, but no such evidence of doubt or complication intrudes itself upon the little world of Ethel Merman (as told to Pete Martin). Merman's approach to autobiography-cum-amanuensis is as frank and brash as her way with a song. It is not inappropriate that her newly published "Who Could Ask for Anything More" confession was entitled "That's the Kind of a Dame I Am" when it was first presented to the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

From the day Ethel Merman stood upon the stage of the Alvin Theatre and took that sixteen-bar hold in the second chorus of "I Got Rhythm" she has let it come pouring freely off the tonsils. The only way she knows of singing a song is to sing the whey out of it. Her brass-section boldness with popular songs has helped to make her one of our leading musical-comedy ladies. She is a shrewd, tough, uninhibited professional, and it is part of Pete Martin's skill at this "as told to" game that he has managed to let the *vrai* Merman come blaring through.

Other ladies fuss with their hair and change the mode of their coiffure from season to season. Ethel Merman has found nothing suits her apple cheeks and cheerful jowls except the hair-do of a golliwog. When she went to Hollywood to make the film "Call Me Madam" an esthetic hairdresser asked her what she intended to do about her hair. "I intend to wash it," said Ethel Merman, and went out looking like a golliwog and wrapped up assorted Technicolor reels.

—From "Elinor Glyn."

Elinor Glyn—"ever a hothouse bloom."

THAT is the essence of Merman. In capturing it Pete Martin has been content to leave unexplored some misty portions of the phrenology chart. For example, Merman began in show business as a girl who could sing songs so that the lyrics were clearly understood seven blocks away. During the performance of "Something for the Boys" she loped out on stage in moccasins and sang with Paula Laurence a delightfully vile Cole Porter number entitled "By the Mississinewa." In this song she revealed an antic comedy gift which gave rise to the suspicion that she was better with her shoes off, and it was not long afterwards that she astonished Western civilization as the barefooted Annie Oakley in "Annie Get Your Gun." How did the girl with the trumpet in her throat develop into the incomparable comedienne? Was it simply a natural extension of her superb surefootedness on stage? Was it an expression of the comic sense which illuminates the performances of our better clowns?

Having a spectator's interest in this phenomenon I was disappointed to find no clue to the answer in this volume. But that, perhaps, is a personal quibble. Neither Merman nor Martin is a soul-searching sort, and they have been willing to settle for a brassy, breezy show-business memoir which provides an entertaining footnote to an astonishing career.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Keats. 2. Shelley. 3. Byron. 4. Thomas Campbell. 5. Arthur Hugh Clough. 6. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 7. Walter Savage Landor. 8. Charles Lever. 9. Edward Lear. 10. Robert Browning. 11. Sir Richard F. Burton. 12. Robert Louis Stevenson. 13. Oscar Wilde. 14. Rupert Brooke. 15. James Joyce.

Quivering Lady

"Elinor Glyn," by Anthony Glyn *(Doubleday. 348 pp. $4.50), is the biography of the fabulous English woman who wrote "Three Weeks," et al. Mr. Glyn is her grandson.*

By Allen Churchill

ELINOR GLYN had red hair, green eyes, black eyelashes. In fashionable England of the Eighties young girls were supposed to be of an unobtrusive sameness and her striking looks were considered a breach of good taste, for which she was personally responsible. She was twenty-six-year-old Elinor Sutherland in 1892, the black pit of spinsterhood yawning before her emotional soul, when a member of the landed gentry named Clayton Glyn saw her. He roused himself from a comfortable life of sport and country-house weekends to propose.

At first all was joy. On the honeymoon Clayton, considering his wife a rare prize, hired the public baths at Brighton for two days "so that she might swim up and down alone, naked, her long red hair, which when uncoiled reached her knees, trailing in the water behind her." This was exactly the way to treat Elinor, for at an impressionable age she had seen Bernhardt in "Theodora." "Strange thrills rushed through me," she told the diary she confided in until her death. "I knew now that I had suddenly found my group—the group of Sirens, the weird, fierce passionate caressing and cruel group." Swimming in the nude with hair trailing behind made her feel like a Siren indeed.

But it didn't last. Clayton Glyn reverted to country type, while Elinor was ever a hothouse bloom. Her out-of-doors attire was high heels, long skirt, long gloves, picture hat, veil, and parasol, and not unnaturally she found walking the heather a "hot, tiring, and uninteresting occupation." Soon she took sick, and as an aid to recuperation decided to write. Hauling out her faithful diary, she adapted her sharp comments on English country life into a letter-form novel called "The Visits of Elizabeth." It was an instant hit, amazing her manor-house friends when it was published in 1900. "Why, Nellie," one said, "it couldn't possibly be you. A really clever person must have written those letters."

From that moment until her death in 1943 a stream of emotionally supercharged novels, short stories, and articles poured from the pen of Elinor

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Glyn. The most famous were "Three Weeks" and "His Hour" (full of characters named Lord Robert Vivasour, Halcyone la Sarthe, Lady Ver, and Lord Algy Fitzrufus). In this new biography of his grandmother Anthony Glyn makes an attempt to prove that by her writings Mrs. Glyn widened the scope of the novel. It could be that the furious emotionalism of her prose was a step toward the stream-of-consciousness writing that came later, but it is much easier to see her responsible for confession magazines and the sob-sister aspects of tabloid journalism. Take this quotation from "Three Weeks":

> "Oh! darling, do not speak of it," cried Paul. "I worship, I adore you—you are just my life, my darling one, my Queen."
>
> "Sweet Paul!" she whispered, "oh! so good, so good is love, keep me loving you, my beautiful one—keep my desire long to be your Queen."
>
> And after this they melted into one another's arms, and cooed and kissed, and they were foolish and incoherent, as lovers always are and have been from the beginning of time.
>
> The spirit of two natures vibrating as One.

Somehow the sad fact seems to be that Mrs. Glyn never wrote anything as good as Elinor Glyn the person. She delighted in picturing her heroines reclining on tiger skins, but when her husband first sent her one (as a joke) he came home to find her "reclining on the floor on the tiger, stroking its fur, quivering with emotion, staring at him with smoldering, romantic eyes." The type she wrote of never really existed—except in herself.

No less than her novels, Anthony Glyn has failed to measure up to Grandmamma. All too often he tells us what to think about his subject, instead of furnishing the illuminating anecdote or observation that would let the reader see for himself. He repeatedly says she had a cynical streak, yet gives only his word for it. He also says she had a sense of humor, the examples he offers from her diary suggest that what humor she was guilty of was unconscious.

Altogether Mr. Glyn creates a somewhat one-dimensional portrait of a lady who in addition to being a High Priestess of Literary Love also dabbled in spiritualism, reincarnation, love, and enriched our language by apt use of the word It. But Mrs. Glyn was like a prism. To see all her sides in full color would have been wonderful indeed. As it is, to see one adequately presented is still pretty fine.

ORIENTAL ART

The Splendid Remnants

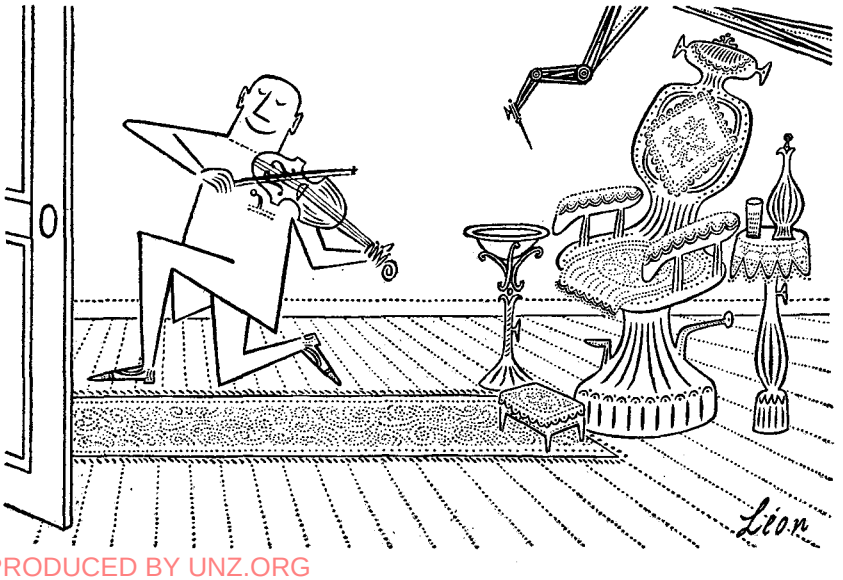
"The Art and Architecture of the Ancient Orient," by Henri Frankfort *(Penguin Books. 279 pp. 192 plates. $8.50), is an amply illustrated introduction to the tangible remnants of a culture that flowered between 3500 and 331 B.C., the work of a distinguished British art historian who died last year. Here it is reviewed by Professor Benjamin Rowland of Harvard University, author of "The Art and Architecture of India."*

By Benjamin Rowland

HENRI FRANKFORT'S "The Art and Architecture of the Ancient Orient" is a fascinating introduction to a world which for the average reader is no more than the memories of the smudgy illustrations in Breasted's "Ancient World" or curios of Biblical interest briefly passed in a shadowed museum corridor. This new addition to the Pelican History of Art covers a great span of centuries from 3500 to 331 B.C. and geographically includes the art of what used to be called "the Ancient Oriental Empires": Sumer and Akkad, Assyria, Babylonia, and the peripheral regions of Asia Minor and Iran. The history ends with the conquest of Iran by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C., when, almost with the finality of atomic catastrophe, the last of the ancient Oriental empires perished in the flames of Persepolis. Symbolically, too, this disaster marked the beginning, not the end, of conflict between East and West. This volume will long stand as a monument to its writer and the best in humanist scholarship.

Like few books dealing with archeological subjects, this is one to capture the imagination. By this I do not mean that it has any resemblance to the kind of book that purports to clothe the archeologist's task in romance, but rather that this is more than a mere chronicling of the remains of the successive civilizations of the Mesopotamian past. Whether he is describing the golden ritual objects of Sumer or the sculptured records of the Assyrian war machine the author defines their function and style in writing as evocative as it is clear. The reader is able to see these fragments as parts of a whole religious and artistic climate that marked the emergence of the first great civilizations from the shadows of prehistory. The book owes its authority and interest to the fact that Frankfort wrote as a humanist with great understanding and a vast fund of information at his disposal.

Writing about ruin sites that are no more than cellar holes and mounds of rubble usually makes for very dull reading, but in the present work the monuments of ancient Mesopotamian architecture take on a moving splendor in the writer's account of their purpose and original appearance. The ziggurat, or the Tower of Babel, as we know it in Genesis, or in Brueghel's painting like a vast ant-hill towering heavenward, becomes a symbol of humanity's literal reaching for



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the sky. This dominant motif of Mesopotamian architecture is in Frankfort's book the vast architectural landscape, against which is played the magic religious drama of the ancient Oriental empires.

ALTHOUGH the meaning and function of many of the objects discussed must remain obscure, the author makes us feel the power behind their making which conditions their vitality. Even a casual examination of the beautiful plates in this book reveals a haunting, spellbound quality in the sculptured images of the Mesopotamian past. Often the enormous eyes and the tense, submissive attitudes of kings and priests seem to represent a moment of divine manifestation. This was a time when men and gods moved freely across the threshold of the real and the unreal worlds. In this tradition magic in ritual or art was something more than sleight of hand; like art itself, it was based on intuitive belief and hallowed practice and dedicated to the evocation of divine or demonic powers.

Something of this strangely moving spiritual quality of the sculpture from Tell Asmar, Kuyunjik, and Mari is a result of the accommodation of the human form to geometrical abstraction. In this connection the book contains splendid analyses of what the rational modern critic calls style and form, such as the difference between the Egyptian and Mesopotamian sculptors' conception of plastic shapes as essentially square or round. It has become fashionable lately to point out the resemblances between the abstract simplicity of Mesopotamian sculpture and the meaningless experiments of the modern sculptor, but in Frankfort's book the reader is always reminded that these objects were not simply esthetic trinkets, but the results of an art dominated through millennia by the requirements of an enduring myth that conditioned its shape and attributes. Perhaps the ultimate tribute to the writer's masterful treatment is that he considered his subjects as works of art.

Frankfort's intimate knowledge of the contemporary Near East made it possible for him to point out living survivals from Assyrian times, such as his reference to the present mode of lion-hunting and the life of the Marsh-Arabs continuing just as they are recorded on the reliefs of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal. Such observations are much more than the usual sentimental comments on the "unchanging East." They bestow an especially lively quality of conviction to the interpretation of the literal realism of Assyrian art.

—*From "The Art of India Through the Ages."*

"Siva Reveals Himself to Párvaté" (*c.* 1770)—"a varied and vital evolution."

Exotic Panorama

"The Art of India Through the Ages," by Stella Kramrisch *(Phaidon Press. 331 pp. $3.50), the work of a professor of Indian art at the University of Calcutta, traces the development of the major visual arts from the third millennium B.C. to the threshold of the Industrial Age. Our reviewer is Jane Gaston Mahler, assistant professor of fine arts at Columbia University.*

By Jane Gaston Mahler

STELLA KRAMRISCH'S latest book lives up to the promise implicit in its title, "The Art of India Through the Ages." Beginning with the third millennium B.C., she presents the major visual arts as they flourished through succeeding centuries up to the threshold of the modern Industrial Age. Nearly two hundred superb photographs illustrate various aspects of Indian art. Indus Valley sculpture, serene images of the classical period, dynamic art of medieval times, and monuments of the eras of foreign domination are part of a panoramic sweep of a varied and vital evolution. The photographs, chosen primarily for beauty of form, are equally interesting from the point of view of iconographic and narrative content and of stylistic significance.

The vigor inherent in Indian art, especially in Hindu sculpture, is her dominant theme. A dancing figure from Harappa is ancestor of thousands of later dancers in stone and bronze; no such interest in motion and changing volumes can be found in the contemporary sculpture of Sumer and Egypt, and no other land gave birth to such consistently energetic forms. Achemenid Persia tempered it with coolness and balance in one phase, Greco-Roman realism left its mark for a while, Buddhism and Jainism turned some of the intensity inward in motionless images of enduring calm, Moslem tradition channeled it into disciplined abstractions, but the native gift for dramatic expression emerged triumphant time and again.

Architecture and sculpture are sister arts. It is a rare building that is not adorned with carving, and a majority of Hindu temples would lose essential meaning if stripped of images and ornament. The great sanctuaries at Elura, for instance, were hewn from the living rock, not constructed of layers of masonry. A remarkable photograph of the Kailasanatha, looking down the shafts of stone that surround Siva's miniature Silver Mountain temple, suggests the method of its creation. Sod and soil were scraped away and men started cutting

(*Continued on page* 35)

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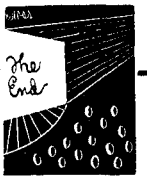

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Captains Crazy

OUT of the literary bombardment which was one of the more devastating side effects of World War II there emerged a vision of some new types of officers. There was the paranoid older officer, with some professional background but no communication with the influx of college-bred reserves. Expressing his own insecurity in fanatic, petty discipline, this officer was hated by his men so passionately that he, rather than the enemy, became the enemy.

There was a tragic and gentle young man who generated for his men and from his men a feeling that has to be described as love. Perhaps you had to have been part of such a relationship to know that there were good men who cared so much and worked so hard that they collected onto themselves all the free-floating emotions of the crew—the loneliness, the fear, the outrage of democracy's children caught in the military machine.

There was the foul-up, generally a self-indulgent, hand-raised young man who could not make himself function inside the military set-up.

These three were delightfully combined in **"Mr. Roberts,"** first a refreshing book, then a theatrically effective play, and now a superior motion picture. In producing the film "Mr. Roberts" Leland Heyward has remained substantially faithful to the play-script which Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan fashioned from Heggen's loosely connected tales. The producer has been particularly fortunate in obtaining the services of Henry Fonda in the title role, for this player enriches and illuminates the entire work by his performance.

"Mr. Roberts" is essentially a series of lusty sketches about life on the small supply vessel that plies endlessly between the Pacific islands of Tedium and Ennui. The film moves in short spurts from highlight to highlight, the explosion in the laundry, the home-made Scotch whiskey, the riotous liberty featuring the capture of a goat, the epic discovery that the bridge binoculars can be made to focus on the nurses' shower-room ashore.

Funny as these incidents are, they take on a cargo of emotion because they explode around the large, intelligent ears of Mr. Roberts, the young cargo officer of the vessel. Roberts is the buffer between the lunatic captain and the long-suffering crew, but while he functions efficiently on this supply ship his heart is with the units of the fast carrier task forces that slip past in the morning hours.

Fonda's performance in this role is superb. It is spare, quiet, absolutely sure. I am not one of those who believe that great performances occur when an actor seems to "become" the person he is portraying. Most of our celebrated performances turn out to be projections of a star personality artfully displaying an attractive talent in an exciting role, and so endowing the character with a heightened vividness more compelling than life. Fonda's achievement of this luster is noteworthy because of the habitually quiet manner of his playing. There is such a deal of merit in his presentation of this character that it constantly purifies the rather broad approach to the humorous material which may be observed in this mounting of "Mr. Roberts."

* * *

A somewhat older saga of the sea furnishes the inspiration for **"Ulysses,"** a Paramount production filmed in the authentic Mediterranean setting with authentic Greek costumes and everything else out of key.

Whatever philosophical and dramatic values were contained in this classic have been eliminated in this version, with Kirk Douglas playing the hero as if he were a bearded second baseman with a child's interest in adventure. When Douglas is not flexing his biceps, however, or grinning through the alarming shrubbery with which he has been garlanded, we are privileged to regard Sylvano Mangano. This happens to be my first look at Mangano, and she is a glorious woman. The modeling of her face is classic, she has a noble brow, she wears the ancient costumes with striking authority, and she has an interesting presence as an actress. For this version her voice has been cleverly dubbed in English.

"Ulysses" features this extraordinary writing credit: "Screenplay by Franco Brusati, Ennio de Concinin Hugh Gray, Ben Hecht, Ivo Perilli and Irwin Shaw. Based on Homer's 'Odyssey'." Obviously a raft of writers have tried their hands at licking the "Odyssey" for movie purposes. At this moment the "Odyssey" still leads by a comfortable margin.

—LEE ROGOW.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Music al fresco, California Style

LOS ANGELES.

FESTIVALS have come to play an increasingly prominent part in Southern California's summer calendar—a development that is perhaps due less to any discernably festive temper on the part of its populace than to the area's high quotient of resident musicians and a genial climate disposed to indulge what appears to be the musician's imperative to make music under the zodiac.

The Los Angeles Music Festival, which under its founder-director, Franz Waxman, last week (June 14) concluded its ninth annual season with a series of four concerts on the UCLA campus, saluted the musical renascence of postwar *Mitteleuropa* with a number of items not previously heard in this country. Of these, Rolf Liebermann's two-act opera, "Leonore 40-45," made its American debut under rather ingenious circumstances. A recording taped from the 1952 Baden-Baden performance conducted by Hans Rosbaud with the Southwest German radio network orchestra and chorus of the Basel civic theatre was offered the small but intrigued festival audience, and a piano score microfilmed for the occasion was projected synchronically on a screen, while a synopsis of the action was narrated at appropriate intervals.

The work, described by its Swiss author as an "opera semiseria," has a libretto by Heinrich Strobel which relates a reedy wartime romance between a French girl and a Nazi soldier of the Occupation. Both are musicians, a fact which appears to immunize them from the violent partisanships that rocked an entire world, and their colorless attachment endures through the numerous scenes required to propel what action there is from 1939 to 1945. In his rather less flaccid score Liebermann tries on any number of musical styles in the hope that one may fit, not overlooking the twelve-tone system which has accounted for some of his more effective writing. The overall impression seemed that of an adequate talent riding off in all directions, although the absence of so essential a factor as the visual imposed an unfairly rigorous test upon a work that is meant to be seen as well as heard. It had, in any case, the benefit of a superlative performance by Rosbaud and a fine European cast.

Liebermann was further represented by his better known "Concerto for Jazzband and Symphony Orchestra," which Waxman introduced locally with pianist Andre Previn and Les Brown's Band of Renown (*sic*), and of which it must be reported that the jazzmen, brave in pink jackets, outshone their longhaired colleagues not only sartorially but in preparation for their task. The suave Debussyian harmonies of Andre Caplet's Septet for Strings and Voices were presented by the Hollywood String Quartet and an exquisite vocal trio of Marni Nixon, Dorothy Ledger, and Cora Burt Lauridsen on a program that also featured the first American performance of Werner Egk's "La Tentation de Saint Antoine." Composed for contralto and string quartet, this is based on French verses dating from the thirteenth century that deal in highly cavalier style with the saint's moral skirmishes, and the instrumental writing, which ejaculates all sorts of impudent commentaries, is exuberant, witty, and raucously derisive of the vocal writing, the Gallic urbanity of which was admirably sustained by Miss Ledger.

A FINAL program presented the Roger Wagner Chorale, conducted by Wagner, in a luminous *a cappella* performance of Ralph Vaughan Williams's G Minor Mass, sung in the Latin text and eloquent in its neo-modal rhetoric of this British composer's gift for infusing a universal form with personal genius. All prefacing festival triumphs, however, paled before the *force majeure* of Bavarian Carl Orff's "Catulli Carmina," for reasons immediately clear to anyone acquainted with the recording. That the present performance could not likewise have been preserved is a pity, for the Chorale, Miss Nixon, and tenor Richard Robinson gave a sheerly transcendent account of the fiendishly difficult passages, in which the simplest of harmonic formulas are used with savage and resilient dramatic effect.

Part of a trilogy completed in 1953, "Catulli Carmina" dramatizes the Latin verses addressed by the Roman Catullus to the courtesan Lesbia, against a percussive instrumental setting of pianos, tympani, and xylophones in multiples of four—a musical impedimenta more suggestive of martial maneuvers than of amatory. Nonetheless, Orff's scoring is occa-

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sionally so deft that one might almost say, as Carl Van Vechten once remarked of Ronald Firbank, that he writes with the tip of his eyelashes.

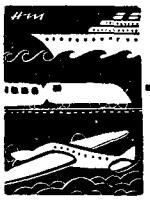
Orff, however, writes also with a pneumatic drill, and with a calculated, primitive brutality that lends "Catulli Carmina" the exact proportions of charlatanry and genius to insure its instant and popular success. An audience shaken from its normal concert complacency directed a salvo of cheers at Director Wagner and his cohorts.

FOR the past nine years Ojai Valley, a fertile farming community some sixty miles north of Los Angeles, has been the site of an annual music festival which every spring prompts several hundred coastal residents to make the easy pilgrimage by motor for the three-day event. This year the latter part of May found these on hand in greater numbers than ever for the span of five concerts which began with an unremarkable new choreography by Lew Christensen to Igor Stravinsky's "Renard," and concluded with Stravinsky conducting his own Violin Concerto beneath the spreading sycamore branches of the Ojai civic park.

In between were a cello recital by Joseph Schuster that included a workmanlike performance of Lockrem Johnson's second cello sonata, and a heroic traversal, under finger-chilling weather conditions, by duo-pianists Vera Appleton and Michael Field of the keyboard measures of Bartok's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion. An evening devoted to the first West Coast performance of Monteverdi's "Vespers, Psalms, and Magnificat" of 1610, performed with the Pomona College Glee Clubs and a solo quintet under the trim, scholarly direction of young Robert Craft, furnished a rare and rewarding exposure to music that the passage of 350 years has been powerless to diminish.

Other highlights of a well-tailored festival series must remain Waldo Winger's homeric subdual of Edith Sitwell's verses in William Walton's "Facade," Leonard Weisgard's piquant decor to a second Christensen ballet (this time in a somewhat happier collaboration with Mozart), Craft's sensitive reading of Brahms's Second Symphony, and Eudice Shapiro's radiant fiddling in the Stravinsky concerto under the birdlike egis of its composer, who seems able, by sheer force of personality, to realize more vital performances of his music than anyone else can.

—MILDRED NORTON.



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Emir Hilton's Arabian Night—Almost-a-Dog

ISTANBUL.

IN THE full of spring 1453 the Turks stormed across the Bosporus from Asia, slashed up the heights into Europe, and captured Constantinople. Last week—502 years and a few weeks later—Istanbul *née* Constantinople was captured again, this time by a dazzling band from Hollywood and Broadway led by a six-foot, Stetson-wearing Texan named Conrad Hilton. The invaders were American film-stars and a delegation from the press. They came to inaugurate a new type of fortification such as the Bosporus has never seen, a 300-room, eleven-story, $7,000,000 hotel. Strangely, this white shaft lies on the crest of the European hill looking across the Bosporus to Asia, on the very grounds crossed by the Ottoman legions in 1453.

It hardly seems likely that the fall of the Byzantine Empire was bigger news to Istanbul than the opening of this Turkish palace, the highest building the ancient city has ever seen. If any world news has crept into the twenty-three daily papers of Istanbul it has had to wedge itself between voluptuous photographs and endless stories about the sparkling assemblage which flew with Hilton from New York for the five-day inaugural vodka bender.

The invaders came this time in two chartered Pan-American Stratocruisers—one by way of London, the other from New York. When the first silver airplane door opened and Connie Hilton emerged waving his Texas hat a surging crowd sent up a roar, but the place broke loose when Irene Dunne appeared with Merle Oberon and Terry Moore. Turkish girls squealed for Diana Lynn and chanted "Dianyaleen, Dianyaleen" as she edged along the path to the airport.

What Hollywood and the press found on the heights above the Bosporus was a Turkish dream. From the glass-walled terrace running the full length of the hotel, from the balconied rooms, the new invaders looked down to a giant reflection pool such as no sultan ever knew. Blue and green lights play under the water, fountains spray green and blue and red. A green-and-gold roof curves over the Sadirvan nightclub. At pale pink tables in the patio the visitors from a Hollywood 7,000 miles away watched Tartar sword-dancers slash at each other with scimitars. In the Bosporus a white yacht rode at anchor. The black cloud left by an outgoing freighter hung in the mist. The soft breeze caressed your cheek like a veil of an Arab dancer. The lights of Asia were yellow across the way and the sky was impaled on the lances of a dozen minarets. It was the dream of an Arabian night filled with a Turkish moon and love goddesses from California, courtesy of the Grand Emir of Innkeeping out of the Great Southwest.

* * *

GLACIER, MONT.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK is a natural enclave up in northern Montana which is frosty with snow, surrounded by Indians, and filled with a fancy assortment of mountain goats, grizzlies, Bighorn sheep, coyotes, timberwolves, and other house-pets. All of this livestock, as you must know, is protected by law, but there are stray circumstances when some local rifleman shows evidence of an itchy trigger finger. The offender is tapped by the long arm of the law and the animals end up as elkburger, mooseburger, and deerburger, all of which are sold on the fringes of the park.

About the goats, which are sort of the local seal of Glacier Park, you can almost count on them to cross U.S. Highway 2 each evening at eight on their way to the Walton Goat Lick which adjoins the Middle Fork of Flat Head River. The lick is a gray mineral stretch of phosphorus good for bone and blood, a pair of nutritional facts that the goats seem to have come by without the aid of Gayelord Hauser.

It is possible to ski in Glacier until early July, and some types insist on trying the slats on the Fourth, a feat which especially seems to defy the natural course of things. Some of the snow manages to last all year, but fortunately for park officials it nestles in out-of-the-way places. Clearing the snow from Going-to-the-Sun Highway, which crosses the park, is one of the major efforts of the late spring season. Snowplows, snowcats, and other devices for removing the white banks whir away on the high passes with avalanches dropping from the heights above. When I was in Glacier early in June I traveled with the rangers up to the edge of Logan Pass at 6,664 feet, still blocked with great

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drifts. Snowcats had plowed the road in front of us, but avalanches had fallen behind them hemming them in, and even as we stopped to watch, snowbanks from the heights above loosened, then rumbled, then spun down the mountainside to form a new barrier on the highway. When the rangers began to explain the best action in case of a direct fall it seemed time to get out. It was only a few years back that snow slides killed two park employes, buried and injured others, and destroyed the steel snow equipment.

If the snow is a hazard to the park employes, who must clear the public roadways in advance of the tourists, it is something of a blessing to the carnivores who inhabit the woodlands. Grizzlies have a habit of working over the snowfields for deer who were caught in the slides and kept in the deep freeze all winter. The grizzlies are also known for catching a herd of goats in the deep snowfields, where it is hard for a goat to be nimble. They will suddenly strike a straggler goat, have him for dinner, then pack up the remaining carcass in the snowy icebox until breakfast. Grizzlies are equally partial to a cold plate of tourist, too, but fortunately in summer most of them climb up to the heights out of the tourist belt.

The Blackfeet Indian reservation runs along the east border of Glacier Park, and the proximity of the Indians accounts for many of the names of Glacier's landmarks. Almost-a-Dog Mountain was named for an Indian chief named Almost-a-Dog. As well as I could ascertain, this handle was no reference to this brave's personality but derives, instead, from the Blackfeets' propensity for assuming the character of certain animals. On the other hand, Rising Wolf Mountain was named after a white pioneer named Hugh Monroe who came out to these quarters in the middle of the nineteenth century, married a squaw, and was proved such a bear about getting up in the morning that he was termed Rising Wolf by the tribe.

THE settlement known as Browning, outside the east border of the park, is full of Indians, some of whom sit around in their wide-brimmed hats, their bronzed, wizened faces, done up in white beads and white-frame sunglasses. The cemetery in Browning sits on a sad, barren, and dusty plain with nothing to break the horizon but cheap tombstones and—far in the distance—the granite wall of Glacier's white-capped mountains. The headstones carry the name of such Blackfeet as Rose Mad Wolf, Charlie Skunkcap, Joseph Bad Marriage, and Julia Wades-in-the-Water. Sometimes the dry wind rustles the dead flowers that were gathered sad days ago, put in an old mayonnaise bottle, and offered to the memory of a deceased Blackfeet.

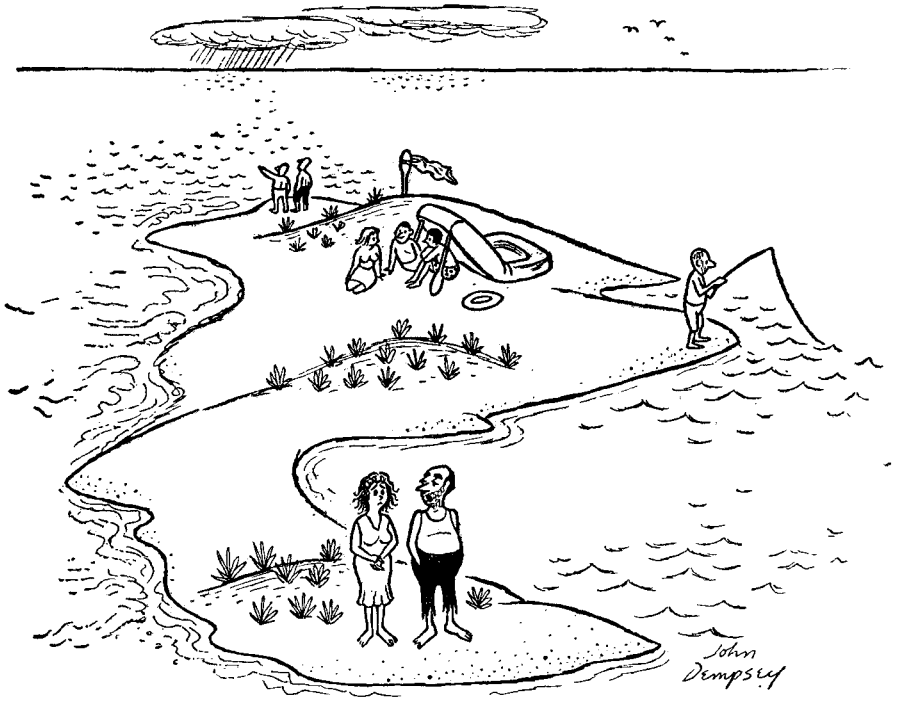
When spring comes at last to the fields of Glacier the Indian herb doctors flock to the fields to gather in the Western pasque, a purple tulip clustered around a yellow center that does wonders, the medicine men say, for anything from gallstones to goiter. Shooting stars fill the fields, like a thousand-skyrocket burst of lavender. Aspens reach their bare arms skyward in supplication, asking for the leaves that will shimmer nervously on their branches all summer at the faintest suggestion of an August breeze. And where the great snowfields were, yellow glacier lilies fill the mountain fields.

For those who come in at the West Glacier entrance a charming cottage colony borders the lake-end at the settlement known as Apgar Village. The village Inn offers housekeeping cabins with two double beds, a convertible couch, a complete kitchen, and picture windows looking out to the pines, Lake McDonald, and the mountains beyond. The tariff is $10 for two, $12 for four. Motel rooms are $8 for two. Following Going-to-the-Sun Highway will bring you to the Lake McDonald Hotel, a rustic inn by the water. The metropolis known as Two Medicine has chalets, saddle horses, launch trips around Two Medicine Lake.

Way up towards the northeast corner of the park is a favorite retreat known as Many Glacier. The Many Glacier Hotel reposes at 4,860 feet, at the very edge of Swift Current Lake, with an assortment of seven-, eight-, and nine-thousand-foot mountains rising all around. It is a huge and lodgey place with balconies in tiers inside, a huge stone pile in the lobby stuck with ferns, water dribbling over the rocks and sprouts into a trout pool below. There is a huge indoor copper fireplace in the lobby, and good views of the mountains and the lake from the dining room except where some architect, who shall be nameless, stuck the boiler.

Connected with the hotel is a rash of motel units known as Swift Current Cabins with room for 200, prices at $9 a day double. There are all sorts of excursions—launch trips down Swift Current Lake to Josephine Lake, then a mile's walk to Grinnell Lake; hikes to Iceberg Lake, where frostcakes float all summer long; hikes to chalets on the Continental Divide, where a drop of water can take its choice between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Bighorn sheep get tamer as the summer wears on, and some of them get in the habit of visiting the hotel grounds. Ever since Joe Miller was a boy they have been telling the story up here of the Bighorn sheep who came each day to listen quizzically to a certain record in the hotel's jukebox. Finally, after hearing it one day he charged off to oblivion over the nearest cliff. As any park ranger or Glacier hotel hand will tell you, the ram had been listening to Sinatra singing "There'll Never Be Another Ewe."

—HORACE SUTTON.



"Don't worry, they'll find us . . . Remember we took this trip on a time payment plan!"

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THE FINE ARTS

Collectors' Choice

—*Collection of Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller.*

"Still Life with a Brioche," by Manet—". . . chief herald of the visual upheaval."

IF DOUBTS persist that painting from Manet to Matisse constitutes one of the greatest periods in the long history of art they should be dispelled by the exhibition "Paintings from Private Collections" on display at New York's Museum of Modern Art until September 5. The quality of the exhibition is staggering, one masterwork following another, from Manet's still life of 1870 to Matisse's "The Maroccans" and on to Picasso and the other leading members of the School of Paris and to a choice group of works by younger artists, European and American.

Manet's position as chief herald of the visual upheaval called modern art is made firm by his "Still Life with a Brioche." The picture's tonal radiance and virtuosity of brushwork have inspired a host of later artists and restored to painting an autonomous validity feared or thought inadequate by the neo-classicists and the romantics of the earlier nineteenth century. Only two years younger than Manet, Degas remained outside the impressionist movement, founded by his elder, and proposed a long series of pictorial solutions, with incisive line as their base, whose wry asymmetries and daring elisions have contributed far more to the evolution of our own century's art than generally admitted. Observe, for example, the placing of the figure in "The Bath" of 1888. It would be impossible to wrench classical precepts of design much more thoroughly. The bather's head is hardly seen; what interested Degas most was the curvilinear thrust of the figure's torso and arms, of her tub and chair, against a blunt, vertical screen. Degas was the sublime master of human awkwardness, and made a new grace out of the wayward gesticulations of elbows and knees. One suspects that he adored the ballet not for its serenity but because of its inevitable moments of distortion and grimace.

The lonely, stubborn Cézanne is represented in the current show by no less than fourteen works, ranging in date from a watercolor of the 1870s to the superb "Chateau Noir" of 1904-1906. Such famous and much-exhibited paintings as the "Mme. Cézanne in the Observatory," "The Card Players," and the "Italian Girl" are here, as well as the "Boy in a Red Waistcoat," a major work newly acquired by an American collector. The group as a whole reaffirms Cézanne's status as one of the most powerful of French artists. It also tends to point up his occasional, unthinking lyricism, for reasons I find difficult to make precise. Cézanne's great contemporary Renoir is less amply displayed, but the four paintings shown include "Le Moulin de la Galette," one of the most joyous and inspired of his tributes to French bourgeois life in his period; the enchanting "Little Margot Bérard," whose tenderness has been known to melt the most cynical observers; and two fine works from the closing years of Renoir's long life, once considered a period of aggressive decline and now esteemed as a fertile last outburst of his genius.

If asked to name one of the many surprises furnished by the show I would put high among them the impact of Paul Gauguin. At his best, as in "The Spirit of the Dead Watching," he has never ceased to be impressive. But at the huge retrospective exhibition held at the Orangerie in Paris in 1949 many of his works seemed flat and gaudy, and I began to wonder whether his legend rather than his art had sustained his fame. On one wall at the Museum of Modern Art, however, hang three amazingly fresh and convincing pictures—"Man with an Axe," "Queen of the Areois," and "Siesta." The wall regains for Gauguin that aura of shock and courage one recognized at the time of the Museum's first loan exhibition (Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, and Van Gogh) in 1929. As for Van Gogh the seven paintings in the current show are of rare quality, among them the "Night Café," "Irises"—possibly the best of his still lifes with flowers—"The Olive Trees," "The Tarascan Diligence," and two exceptionally intense portraits, one of the artist himself and another of his friend and physician, Dr. Gachet, who soothed as much as possible Van Gogh's fevered last weeks.

ONE of the most haunting pictures in the show is an oil study for Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," now the Art Institute of Chicago's finest jewel. The study, recently acquired in New York from the celebrated Beatty Collection in London, shows the island's foreground devoid of figures, as though the majestic assembly in the final version at Chicago had departed or not yet arrived. The effect is ghostly, yet the picture makes clearer than ever before how wonderfully organized and subtle are the shadows and light on the island landscape against which a glorious pageantry will take place. It is a beautiful picture and an excellent foil in the present exhibition to one of Seurat's most influential masterpieces—"La Parade" of 1889. Seurat was, of course, a giant in late nineteenth-century French art. As such he has since tend-

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d to dwarf his colleagues in the neo-npressionist movement. Lately, how-ver, Signac and Cross have emerged om his shadow, and today seem ıore interesting than twenty years go. Signac's "Boats in the Sunset" nd Cross's "Grape Harvest" are andsome paintings in their own ight, and they teach us much about ıe neo-impressionist esthetic which eurat brought to a monumental limax.

Toulouse-Lautrec's "La Goulue at ıe Moulin Rouge" and "Chilpéric" xplain in full measure why he has ecome a particular hero of contem-orary taste; he never painted a pic-ıre more acutely designed—or more enetrating in force of observation—ıan the "Goulue." Lautrec's friends 'uillard and Bonnard are superbly epresented, the former by two of the ıost magic of his little interiors of ıe 1890s, with dappled light and that ırious, pleated, hide-and-seek per-pective which was so personal an ıvention. Vuillard seemingly could o no wrong during his youth; his ırge tempera panels, like "The Park" ı this show, are high points in the ecorative art of the past 100 years. onnard, on the contrary, improved ith age.

The Douanier Rousseau in a very articular way marks a breaking point etween the art of the nineteenth cen-ıry and our own. I had never been so ware of this fact as when recently harles Sterling, the Louvre's Cu-ıtor of Paintings, and I were trying ı hang Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy" ı the exhibition of American-owned ıasterworks of French painting, "De avid à Toulouse-Lautrec," now cur-ent at the Orangerie in Paris. Though ainted at the same time as many of ıe post-impressionist pictures the "Gypsy" looked thirty or forty years later in style and conception. It finally had to be segregated on a concluding wall in the show. Rousseau is represented in the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition by one of the most beguiling and poetic of his works, "Carnival Evening."

AFTER Rousseau, of course, came the masters of the School of Paris. Matisse has fourteen paintings in the show, all of them exceptional in quality or interest, with emphasis on the hardier aspect of Matisse's talent that may well have reached its zenith in "The Moroccans" of 1916. Picasso has twenty works on view, and special heed has been paid those periods of his long and varied career—notably the early and the late—by which he is not yet adequately represented in the Museum's own collection. Braque has a number of capital pieces, too. If I had to choose among them (heaven forbid) I would take his collage of 1913, "The Clarinet." Another surprise of the exhibition, for me at least, is that Gris takes on such stature, indeed seems a finer artist than Braque—a salutation Jimmy Durante would by no means describe as "the small hello." Léger, Villon, Delaunay, Malevich, Mondrian, Miro, and Klee (with an exquisite group) are among the "abstractionists" shown; Roualt, Modigliani, Soutine, Vlaminck, Derain, Utrillo, Dufy, and Chirico are among the Parisian artists outside the non-objective orbit.

The Americans in the show, from Homer, Ryder, and Eakins down to Levine, Pollock, and Gorky, hold up their heads pridefully in this awesome conclave. The Americans' virtues are their own, and are estimable and strong. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

—*Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Marx.*

"Matisse's talent . . . may well have reached its zenith in 'The Moroccans'."

Oriental Art

Continued from page 29

from the top of the hill to a depth of one hundred feet, leaving central masses of rock to be fashioned into the several units of the temple complex. Carvers then worked on interiors and exteriors until it was transformed into a place of worship.

THE author explains the cosmological symbolism of the Hindu temple in plan, elevation, and decoration. She tells about the guilds of craftsmen who were trained by long apprenticeship to follow the canons of proportion and rules of construction contained in traditional texts, the sástras. She interprets the meaning of individual figures and ornamental motifs, as well as the overall scheme and purpose of the designer. She discusses the role of the patron in art and the relationship between philosophic thought and visual expression. Because the text space was necessarily limited, she has tended to pack each sentence with so much meaning that many of them require rereading for full comprehension.

A very brief discussion of major trends in painting is supplemented by color plates of the murals of Ajanta, and of Rajput and provincial schools of later years. Though Buddhist and Jain inspiration are touched upon, and Moslem court art of the Mughal period is mentioned because it affected indigenous development, it is Hindu painting that receives the fullest treatment. It is, as she says, "sumptuous and lively, passionate and radiant."

All of the photographs present something to ponder, to dream about. No matter whether they give a full view or a small detail, whether they represent the most sophisticated or the most naive formal expression, there is an arresting quality about them that will touch the imagination of the viewer.

The richness of Dr. Kramrisch's offering is not confined, however, to the illustrations. The dramatic fulness of her prose and the rhythm of her sentences invite a reading aloud. One should hear her lecture, be present to see her as she speaks with eyes closed, swaying to some cosmic reverberation that is suggested by her written word. She is no detached reporter commenting on Indian monuments; she is ready to lead the uninitiated toward a truer comprehension of the "parallel between external nature and the inner nature of man—a nature that is violently active or overwhelmingly torpid, evoked in impassioned plastic sculpture and painting."

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Library Censors

Continued from page 13

do the names of Lenin and Stalin go up on the façade of our library?" Two front-page editorials signed by John Fox, the publisher, pointed to the nationwide disclosures made by Senator McCarthy as evidence that Boston must be awakened to the perils of Communist literature. Specifically the *Post* accused the library of having files of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* available on request in its main building, of including in a lobby display of great books a copy of Marx's "Communist Manifesto," and of having in its reference collection Vishinsky's "Law of the Soviet State" and "thousands" of other Communist publications. It was a "surprising disclosure," said the *Post*, that "Director (of the library) Lord is unaware how many pro-Communist books are on the library shelves."

In no time at all the *Post* was supported by statements from the commander of an American Legion and from the commander of a Veterans of Foreign Wars post, and, claimed the newspaper's editors, by scores of letter writers and by hundreds of aroused citizens who telephoned the paper. In its columns Mayor John B. Hynes suggested the labeling of Communist books.

As the campaign grew impressively strong the opponents of censorship mustered their forces. Milton E. Lord, director of the library, immediately stated the library's policy. This policy he explained, was to collect "information on all aspects of political, international, and other questions . . . in order that the citizens of Boston may be informed about the friends and enemies of their country." His statement drew strong support from three Boston papers, *The Boston Herald,* an arch-Republican newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and the Catholic diocesan paper *The Pilot.* Twenty-four prominent citizens of Boston signed a statement of support of the library's policy. Herbert A. Philbrick, former FBI anti-Communist agent and author of "I Led Three Lives," sent a long telegram. To the library's critics it must have come as quite a surprise: Mr. Philbrick asked the trustees to stock more, not fewer, Communist publications.

Within ten days the proponents of censorship brought the controversy to a climax in two lively meetings. At the first of these meetings two trustees of the library, Frank J. Donahue, a judge of the superior court, and Patrick F. MacDonald, a steel merchant, joined members of the City Council to ask for a ban on Red propaganda in the library. They were opposed by two other members of the board of trustees: the Rt. Rev. Robert H. Lord, a Catholic priest and former Harvard professor, and Lee M. Friedman, a lawyer. Monsignor Lord translated some interesting material from *Pravda* to show its usefulness for anti-Communist scholars. Mr. Friedman, a noted book collector, showed the historical value of collecting such materials—in his own great collection on Jewish historical literature, he pointed out, much of the collection was anti-Semitic.

At the second meeting Monsignor Lord and Mr. Friedman were joined by Frank W. Buxton, a retired newspaper editor, in adopting, by a three-to-two vote on the library's board of trustees, a resolution for the library. It read in part: "Material presenting all points of view concerning the problems and issues of our times, international, national and local, should be available to the public. . . . The library authorities have no right to exercise censorship that their individual or collective points of view shall prescribe what the public shall read and what shall be banned. . . . The public must be afforded an opportunity in a great library to have facilities to learn both sides of any controversial question of importance . . . At the same time . . . the trustees propose that the material in the library shall not be misused for wrongful propaganda purposes to the injury of our country."

On the front page of the *Post* next day appeared this headline: "Library to Weed Out Red Books." The *Herald* headed its news story "Library Heads Reject Censorship Role." Later the *Post* credited the library twice with secretly labeling Communist periodicals—apparently a belated discovery by the *Post* of the subject heading "Propaganda, Russian" in the card catalogue.

But the attack was over, and it has not been renewed. Shortly after the end of the controversy Monsignor Lord, who has since died, resigned from the board. The vacancy was filled by the appointment of Richard J. Cushing, archbishop of the Boston diocese. Two months ago Archbishop Cushing was named president of the board. In the Irish Catholic community of Boston an institution can have no better protection from political attack than the implied approval of the Archbishop.

—Laurence J. Kipp.

The Library in '55

Continued from page 13

problems involved were basic in the discussions in a series of three rural reading conferences in that state during the past year." These conferences were attended by rural leaders from a wide range of agencies and organizations. They have been considered ventures in referendum—taking a problem to the people who are involved and will benefit by its solution.

• • To emphasize the joy and delight in reading librarians all over the state of Louisiana promoted last spring a three-month reading festival. The press, radio, TV, and motion-picture houses cooperated, and clubs had special programs on books and reading as librarians went all out to make more adults and teen-agers aware of the "wonderful world of books." The State Library was the coordinating sponsor with the Louisiana Library Association, State University Library School and State Department of Education

• • The development of life-time reading habits was the subject of a recent day-and-a-half conference called by the Committee on Reading Development of the American Book Publishers' Council. The report of the discussions points up the responsibility of teachers, school librarians and all agencies and organizations with an interest in reading to coordinate their efforts in creating a lasting appreciation and enthusiasm for reading. This conference, it is anticipated is the beginning of many such projects to deal with the problems.

• • "Libraries in the Life of the Nation" is the theme of the seventy-fourth Annual Conference of the American Library Association in Philadelphia, July 3 to 9. Top men from government, business, labor, and rural areas will assess the library performance record in their particular part of the Life at the Conference General Sessions. Surrounding these sessions will be more than 250 meetings at which the 4,500 librarians in attendance will do their own assessing in terms of professional aims, abilities . . . and budgets. "For," as Librarian of Congress L. Quincy Mumford, ALA president, explains, "we are determined that the library shall be equal to the demand for a readily accessible place where all people may find practical information and esthetic enjoyment, where Americans may be helped to achieve the ideals of our democratic society."

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Incident in India

Continued from page 9

omeone was there ahead of me and ad started to speak. It was Davidas. ıe man with the bronze tinge to his air.

"The American will forgive me if I peak first," he said. "Sahani has sked me a question and I should like) answer it. I want to answer it by sking all of you to look at each other. /hat is this ugly thing I see on your ıces? I see something that would ave sickened Gandhiji [*] I see hate. ate for a man who has come to isit us.

"I am ashamed of what I have heard ıd even more ashamed because of hat I see. We have suffered in this ımp, true, but Gandhiji was no ranger to suffering and he would ot use suffering as an excuse for ate. Can anyone imagine Gandhiji ıying what Sahani has just said? Can ıyone imagine Gandhiji sitting and stening with the same approval as ou have done to what has just been id?

"While Sahani was speaking I had ask myself: 'Is this Gandhi's India which I grew up? Is this all that andhi means to us? Is this what he ıs left behind—that we should find ırselves covered with hate and abusg a stranger?'

"If we remember, Gandhi taught us think the best of people, even when ey were not our friends. He taught ; that if we ourselves react in hate, is only evil that has triumphed. He ught us to accept the stranger in ood faith and never to assume bad ith. And he taught us non-violence. ıe words spoken by Sahani are bad ıd violent words and I beg the merican to forgive him and us.

"Sahani has asked me how I feel hen I read that the Americans are ılding back the shipment of their ıeat surplus for political reasons. am hurt because of it and, when I ink of my son, I find it difficult to ıow why human beings in one coun- would act that way about human ings in another country. These ings are difficult for me to underand, for I am a simple man and I ıow very little about the way big tions are run and how they deal th each other. But the American ıo has come to us is a single Amerın. Can any of you say that his art is bad or that he is evil? You not know him. You have not yet tened to him. Gandhiji knew how to ten. Gandhiji trusted the individual. hy should we not trust this American? Why should we not think the best of him?

"Some things I know about Americans. I remember very clearly that the Americans were on our side during our struggle for independence. Nowhere in the world did we have finer friends than among the American people. Can we have forgotten so soon how much these people meant to us or the inspiration of their history? Have we forgotten what Gandhiji used to tell us about America and its own struggle for freedom? I have not forgotten these things because I have not forgotten Gandhiji.

"When I ask myself: why is it that the Americans do not send us the food, I think that something must be happening that we do not know about, and I believe that the food will yet come. The Americans cannot have changed so much in a few years. I have faith in them. I believe they will send the wheat. But even if they do not, the visitor from the United States is welcome here. He is our guest and we are grateful to him for coming."

Nothing was more striking than the change in the people while Davidas spoke. They didn't cheer or applaud. He had reached them in some undefinable way—the same way perhaps that Gandhi himself used to reach them. As the people listened to him they ceased to be a crowd and became individuals again. Sahani had played upon their resentments and fears; he had fused them into a composite personality ready to hate. But now Davidas was releasing them from their fears and their hates and they were responding to the urges of individual conscience.

WHAT was most significant of all was that the change in them had become visible and dramatic the moment Davidas had mentioned Gandhi.

I looked over at Sahani, wondering whether he would regard what Davidas had said as a challenge. His face was still strained and he was staring at Davidas. But he gave no sign that he wished to reply. I tried to guess what was passing through his mind.

Then Nayar was tugging at my arm, saying that Davidas had told the crowd that I would now speak for myself. One thing I knew: anything I might say would be an anti-climax. I told Nayar to say that I could add nothing to what Davidas had said. Nayar replied that it was desired by the people that I should speak. He said that these were people who had never seen or listened to an American before.

Davidas was now at my side, leading me to the bench.

I am afraid I floundered badly in what I said. I didn't want to appear to be arguing my own case, nor did I wish to seem to be exploiting the favorable mood created by Davidas. Yet some of the basic questions raised by Sahani about the attitude of Americans towards the Indian people; about our general position on the struggle of Asian peoples for freedom; about the American heart—these questions remained and an American had a right perhaps to try to answer them.

It seemed to me to be necessary in anything I might say—as it had been wherever I had spoken in Asia when people were meeting an American for the first time—to make it clear that no single American, probably not even the President, could speak for all the American people. And so I began at Kingsway by telling of our astonishing diversity, the history behind it, and of the even more remarkable fact that it was this very diversity that gave stability to the country.

This meant that men could disagree yet work together. It meant that people from other lands could come to America, leaving behind them the idea that a man was limited to a fixed group or class or to the occupation of his father. The law couldn't insure absolute equality of attitude in America, nor could it insure equality in the fulfilment or opportunity. But what the law could do was to prevent men from preying on one another. The law could recognize and support the things that helped an individual to grow and fulfil himself.

The system was not without its disadvantages, I continued. It fostered competing pressures among the people, as group after group sought favors from government, legitimate and otherwise. It even slowed up the processes of government itself, for there were many voices to be heard before

The addition of "ji" in India denotes endship and respect.

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national laws or policy could be created. And, sometimes, the most strident voices might sound like the dominant ones—as in the case of the debate concerning wheat to India.

No one could excuse the delay in sending food to hungry people, but it was necessary at least to explain it. Certainly it would be a mistake to assume from the prolongation of debate that the American people were turning their backs on human misfortune. Indeed, the overwhelming majority would support sending the wheat immediately—not because it was politically smart or because it would gain us a point in the Cold War but because it was the right thing to do.

I realized, I said, how absurd it was for me to ask people who needed food to exercise patience; but the issue was far from lost in the United States.

I looked directly at Sahani and asked him not to lose faith with the American people—at least not until it was known definitely that America had refused the aid.

Nor should other things be forgotten. Large and increasing numbers of Americans, like Marie Buck and Russell Wulff and Elvira Eldridge, had come to live in India, giving superbly of themselves in towns and villages and cities, contributing their resources and their knowledge in an adventuring of sharing.

Or students from American universities, especially from California, who were working in the fields alongside Indian farmers, or who were helping to build schools for village communities.

Or the growing number of scientists, engineers, and health specialists who were coming to India under an Act of Congress for the purpose of responding to Prime Minister Nehru's statement of India's primary need—to make her soil more productive and to develop her technological capacities.

I had already said more than I had intended. But there was still the matter of Sahani's indictment of the American people because, in his words, we were holding back the "march of the Asian peoples towards freedom." What he had been referring to, I said I supposed, was the apparent reluctance of the American Government to insist that the other Western nations completely relinquish their holdings in Asia.

Now some of these criticisms of the U. S. may have been based on speculations and some on fact, but I said that even before we tried to sort out one from the other, it might be well to consider something even more basic than had been mentioned by Sahani. This was America's own record with respect to imperialism. What about the documented and historical account of what we did with our own holdings? We had been imperialistic in Asia, along with the rest, and we took the Philippines for our own. But the record also showed that we left—not under pressure from the Philippines but under the pressure of public opinion in the United States. And when we did leave, there were those in the Philippines who thought we might be leaving too soon.

Apart from all this, there was one thing that the people in India ought to know about America. The American people were deeply interested in them. Wherever I had traveled in the United States, I found people eager for information about India, about Gandhiji, about Nehru, and about their magnificent undertaking of national independence. We didn't know as much as we should know about India—or about Asia itself, for that matter; but in fairness to ourselves, many Asians didn't know too much about Americans either. Perhaps this was something for all of us to think about.

I EXPRESSED my thanks to Davidas and stepped down.

The crowd didn't disperse. Instead, it reformed in animated clusters. Davidas pushed his way through to my side and invited me to come to his quarters for tea. I accepted. The Sikh stayed close to the car. Kuldip Nayar joined us and we threaded our way through the crowd.

Just beyond the compound a long line was forming again. The people were waiting for their turn at filling their buckets or jars or pots. Two water taps had to serve the 30,000 people of Kingsway. Not infrequently, one of the taps would not be working properly. Today was such a day.

"Sometimes there are 2,000 people on line," Davidas said, "Sometimes they have to wait all day, for this is the only water there is. And you can understand how tempers grow short. Sometimes there is violence on the waiting line for there is fear that the water may dry up before the people get to it."

A short distance beyond the waiting people there were open latrines.

"As you can see," Davidas said, "the lack of sanitation is dangerous where people are crowded together. There is much sickness at the camp."

He pointed to an elderly woman lying on a burlap-covered bed outside one of the huts. Then he nodded with his head in the direction of a young woman lying with a three- or four-year-old child.

"Without medicines and enough food the only thing that costs nothing is to lie still."

As Davidas spoke there came to mind a crowded village I had visited not far from Calcutta. A smallpox epidemic had been raging through the village and was only now subsiding. I had spoken to a man whose entire family—wife and three small children—had been lost to the disease.

"I am sorry the sickness did not take me, too," he had told me. "Here in India we have so many people and so little food, and I sometimes think that the best thing one can do for one's country is to die and get out of the way."

I could reflect upon this definition of patriotism while walking along side Davidas.

Soon we came to Davidas's quarters, a poorly-lighted room of perhaps twelve by fifteen feet.

Davidas and his family shared this small room with four other families.

"We thought it was crowded for our own little family when we moved in several years ago," he said. "But after Kingsway filled up and the other families moved in we shared our room with the newcomers. And now we look back and almost wonder at the fact that we should ever have had the room all to ourselves."

Davidas introduced me to his wife and seven-year-old son. We squatted on the floor and the tea was served. I asked my host some questions about himself. He was the son of a Lahore merchant who owned a fair-sized cloth-and-notions shop. After his father died Davidas operated the establishment. Then came partition, with its terrors and bloodshed, and Davidas and his family fled Lahore.

"What about the store?"

"Gone," he said. "Gone like all the other Hindu businesses in Lahore. We were lucky to get out with our lives. But there are also Moslems who abandoned their businesses in India and are now refugees in Pakistan. No one knows whether the refugee property situation will ever be straightened out. It is all terribly confused. I try not to think about it any more. I say to my wife we must not look back. Now we must fight to live. We have lost one son."

It was late and I got up to leave. C

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the way back to the car I asked about Sahani, the young man with the glazed eyes and taut face who had spoken against America.

I learned that Sahani had been a law student in Lahore. His education had been cut short by partition. The most precious personal possessions he took with him on his escape were some law books. And ever since coming to Kingsway Sahani had been studying the law by himself. He was hopeful that some day he might be able to take his examinations.

"Sahani is an embittered young man," Davidas said. "He is opposed to Prime Minister Nehru and the Congress Party. He believes in very radical solutions. Not very many people were persuaded by him when the camp was first set up. It would have been impossible three years ago for him to have people gather around him and listen as they did today. But much has happened. People have suffered, too many of them; and now they are listening to Sahani.

"But most of them still have faith in Jawarharlal Nehru. I am one of them. I do not accept the Communist arguments against Nehru because I know how difficult are the problems Nehru has to face. The Communists say they can do better. We are told that they have set up relief stations in the villages and are keeping hundreds of thousands of people alive. But I believe Nehru when he says that the Communists are terrorists and do not really believe in freedom. We have fought for freedom. We want to keep it. And Gandhiji was opposed to Communism. Gandhiji wanted Nehru to lead India. Gandhiji was proved right in what he did. He was right about Nehru."

We came to the car. Davidas became engaged in conversation with one of the elders who were there to say goodbye. I took Kuldip Nayar to one side and asked his advice about something that weighed heavily on my mind. I wanted to help Davidas. I knew his family was hungry. In my pocket I had almost one hundred rupees, the equivalent of about thirty dollars. I wanted to give the rupees to Davidas, or as much of it as he would take. It was a delicate problem and I asked Nayar if he would put it in the right light to Davidas.

Nayar shook his head and said in a low voice that he didn't think he could persuade Davidas to take it. He said I might try, if I wished.

When I turned back to Davidas, he was looking at me in a way that made me think he knew what I had been saying to Nayar. I told Davidas it was my deepest wish that he would regard me as his friend, for that would entitle me to his help if I needed it. If I should have pain, I knew he would want to take part of that pain for his own. And what he would do for me he would have to let me do for him. Then I pressed the rupee notes into his hand.

Davidas smiled but shook his head. He said he would always regard me as a friend. And it was out of friendship that he wanted me to understand that he could not accept what I was trying to press upon him.

I said I understood, but asked that he view it as a small loan.

Again he declined, closing my hand over the rupee notes and then dropping his own hand to his side. He did it with great dignity. I admired him for it as much as I have ever admired any man for a single act, but I would have given anything to have been able to transfer those few pieces of paper from my hand to his.

THERE was yet one thing to be covered before leaving Kingsway. I wanted to pass along the report I had received from the office of the Rehabilitation Minister that relief was coming. I hadn't done so while talking to the people because I didn't want to exploit good news for the purpose of meeting a difficult personal situation. Also, the people had been disappointed before and it might have seemed to some that I was raising false hopes. But neither was it fair for me to withhold altogether important information that had its sanction in the Prime Minister's office. I thought it best to report the facts as fully as possible to Davidas, for I had complete confidence in him to present the news to the people of Kingsway with whatever qualifications the situation required. After I did this I shook hands with Davidas, and we left.

On the drive back to New Delhi not much was said. Nayar was just as busy with his thoughts as I. For a few brief moments I had had a glimpse of the struggle and torment of a nation and its people in their fight for life. I had seen a sudden boiling up of all the elements of human and national crisis. For the refugee was the painful product of independence, yet not one of them would accept his former favored station if that would mean the loss of national freedom. The division of the subcontinent between India and Pakistan; the historic antagonisms between Hindus and Moslems; the lack of water, medicine, food; the inevitable attempt of the revolutionary, whether Communist or any other, to turn the situation to his advantage by posing as defender and champion; the vulnerability of a rich nation such as the United States when seen at a distance by people who know little about us beyond the astounding fact that we have more food than we can eat and that we are upset when other people don't agree with us—all these giant facts in the predicament of the Indian nation today and in its relations with the United States seemed to be tied together in what I had just seen at Kingsway. But there was something else I had seen.

I had seen the vast power for good in the symbol of a single man. When all the many other impressions of my visit to Kingsway were sorted and balanced, one image stood out from all the rest. It was the recollection of the change that had come over the people of Kingsway when Davidas invoked the memory of Mahatma Gandhi. Whatever the miracle of his hold on the Indian people had been while he lived, the miracle itself had survived his death. An appeal to reason and mercy and greatness in his name represented the main strength in and of the Indian people. And Gandhi had taken his mantle and given it to Pandit Nehru. That fact had a sovereignty of its own.

Once earlier, under much different circumstances, I had seen the miracle at work. It was in a village not far from where I had spoken to the man who felt the greatest gift he could give his country was to die so there would be one less mouth to feed.

I had stopped with my interpreter to chat with some children who were playing at the edge of a grove. My friend explained to the children that I came from the United States, many thousands of miles away. They were interested but shook their heads and said they had never heard of the United States. We mentioned the names of America's most famous Presidents; even that drew no recognition. Then we referred to other famous names in the news about Europe and Asia. Still no response.

"You have to understand," my friend had said, "that news of the outside world is totally lacking in many of these villages. In fact, in the more remote areas of India, there are people who haven't even heard of Gandhi, incredible though that may seem. But in this village, so close to Calcutta, there is no question about Gandhiji."

At the mention of Gandhi's name, the faces of the children had lighted up and they shook their heads and smiled broadly. Whatever their other shortcomings on worldly knowledge might

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have been, the name of Gandhi was a recognizable universe.

"Ask this youngster," I had said, pointing to a boy of perhaps nine or ten, "if he can tell me what Gandhiji means to him."

The interpreter had repeated the question. The boy had hesitated for a moment, then communicated his answer to me directly. He put his arms around my neck, and smiled, saying a few words as he did so.

"The boy says that Bapu, which means father—the father of our country—has taught him not to be afraid to show his love for other people even though they may be complete strangers. That was why he put his arms around you."

ONE thing remains to be said. Last year I returned to India and Pakistan. The rains had been good and the crops had come back and fewer people were hungry. America had sent the wheat; it had been late in coming but the important thing was that it *had* come. And we were sending technicians and tools to aid in the plans for industrial expansion. The community development program, to which the United States had made important contributions, offered promising re-settlement possibilities. In general, conditions had improved considerably. The refugee problem was still a long way from being solved, but several millions of refugees had been relocated and were now absorbed in their new surroundings.

Shortly after I arrived in Delhi I drove out to Kingsway. What I found was not a refugee camp but an improvised housing project. The buildings were not of a permanent nature, but at least they were a vast improvement over what Kingsway had been only two years earlier.

In the compound at Kingsway where once Sahani had publicly asked an American to leave and Davidas had asked him to remain there was now a public school. It wasn't the gleaming, modern type of public school now being constructed in the United States. But it had benches and desks and blackboards. And in front of one of the classrooms was a large poster about the U.N. The poster was in English and it spoke of the promise and purposes of the world organization.

I asked the teacher in charge whether he could tell me anything about a man named Davidas. He shook his head. I described Davidas as best I could and said it was important for me to find him. The teacher shook his head again. He said that the early refugees at Kingsway had long since been moved to better quarters. And there were many men with the name Davidas. Of that I was certain.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

TOBEY HILL FARM, Canaan, Connecticut, welcomes paying guests. Beautiful, quiet, comfortable.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reach or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 to $55. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal resort estate. Concert trio. David Hahn, Folk-Square dance leader. Circle 6-6386 (NYC).

OFF THE BEATEN PATH! 600 acres surrounded by Adirondack Forest Preserve. 2,100' elevation. Mountain and lake recreation. Cottages. Meals varied and best. Ideal for creative work or just loafing. THE LOG HOUSE, North River, New York.

BOXWOOD MANOR, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Spacious lawns and gardens. Comfortable accommodations. Private beach nearby. Delicious food. Folder on request.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A. P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1110

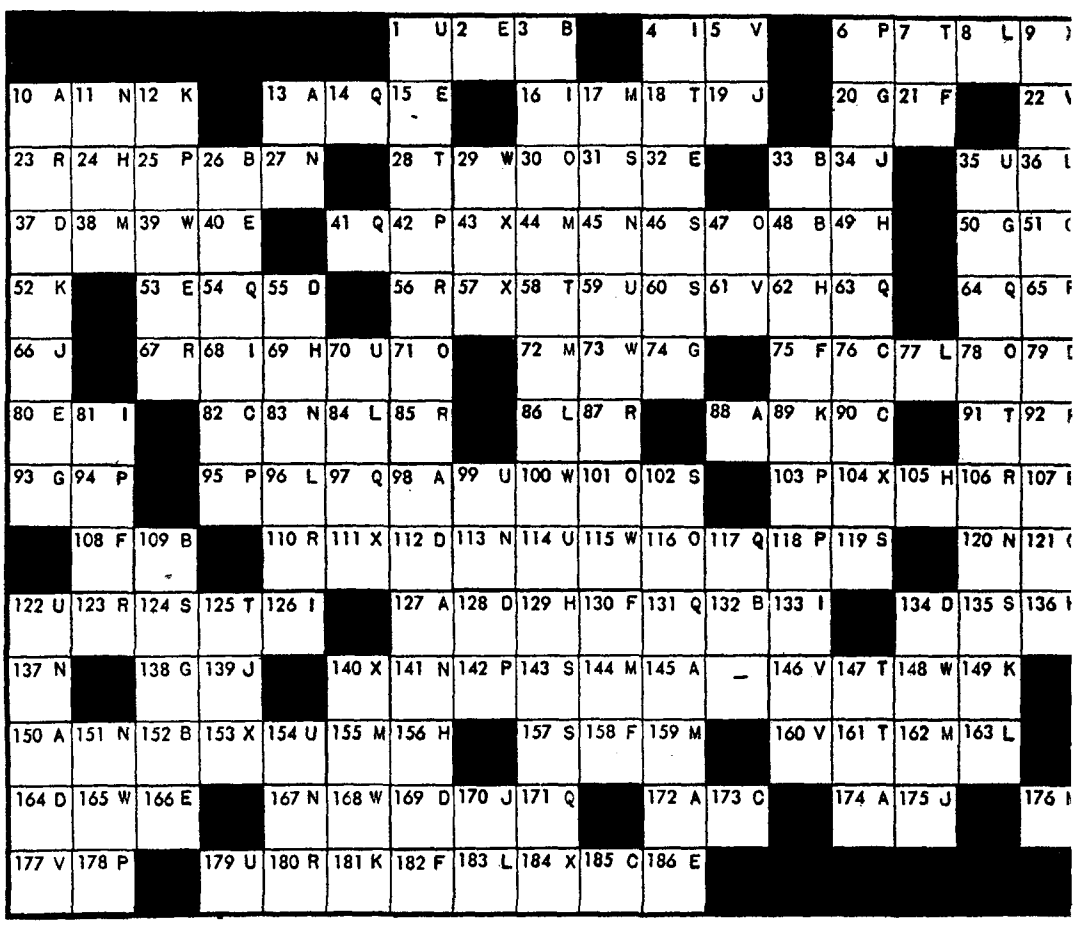
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sluggishness.	172 88 127 174 13 10 98 150 145
B. Specifying the second of "Fleming's rules" (comp.).	132 107 109 48 33 26 152 3
C. Urban (2 wds.).	51 185 90 76 82 173
D. Troops who march in the front of an army.	169 164 55 37 79 128 112 134
E. Said of component elements disposed to achieve the greatest length (3 wds.).	32 80 166 186 53 15 2 40
F. Water removed from soil by either surface or under drainage.	130 182 158 108 75 21
G. A convenience for the elephant rider.	50 20 93 74 138 121
H. Not the same.	69 62 24 156 49 105 129
I. Transparent, curved surfaces designed to be looked through.	133 81 16 126 68 4
J. Abyssinian banana.	170 175 66 19 139 34
K. Slang for "stop."	181 12 89 136 52 149
L. That girl in Don Marquis's Little Group of Serious Thinkers.	86 163 77 183 36 96 8 84
M. Accompanying, or consequent.	72 144 44 162 38 159 17 155 175
N. Great banker in Napoleon's time who used homing pigeons to get advance tips.	113 151 11 83 27 120 45 141 167 137
O. English publisher of Pope's Iliad and Odyssey (1675-1736).	116 47 101 71 30 78
P. Plumpness of person.	178 25 6 42 94 95 118 65 142 102
Q. Offer resistance (2 wds.).	171 14 131 54 41 97 63 64 117
R. Instrument signaling correct time to distant points by electricity.	110 67 123 180 85 92 56 23 87 104
S. Local name (W. Florida coast) for delicate, pure-white bivalve shells of graceful shape (2 wds.).	157 119 60 143 124 46 135 31 102
T. Relieves.	161 7 18 125 91 147 58 28
U. Protected deep-water harbor.	70 114 122 59 35 99 154 1 179
V. In cricket, a certain stroke to the side (comp.).	5 146 160 177 61 22
W. Sister-in-law of Edouard de Reszke, long a famous vocal teacher in Paris.	115 168 29 148 100 73 165 39
X. Made of dressed hide.	57 9 111 153 104 184 43 140

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 38 of this issue.

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The Lesson of Crawford Long

IN 1842, in a village in Georgia, a young doctor named Crawford Long used ether to anaesthetize a patient while he removed a tumor from his neck. This first use of surgical anaesthesia was one of the greatest discoveries in the history of medical progress. Without anaesthesia, surgery could have progressed little further than its barber-pole period; fruitful investigation of the life processes of the higher animals would be hopelessly handicapped.

What did Crawford Long do about his momentous discovery? For seven long years he did nothing. He continued his practice—he was an able surgeon—and he performed a few more operations under anaesthesia. He gave ether parties for his friends. But for all that Long did to inform his medical colleagues elsewhere of his discovery, knowledge of surgical anaesthesia could have begun and ended in Jefferson, Georgia. Meanwhile a Boston dentist named William Morton also experimented with ether in a tooth extraction. He reported his discovery in a newspaper and arranged for a public demonstration in a hospital. Out of this came, in 1846, the first published scientific pronouncement on the use and possibilities of surgical anaesthesia. Within a few years it was being employed throughout the civilized world. It was not until 1849 that Crawford Long, aroused to action by the news of the use of ether, made his first contribution to a scientific journal on his prior discovery.

Sixty years of bitter controversy—in newspapers, in learned journals, in the halls of Congress—raged over the question of who should get the credit for discovering anaesthesia. Today Crawford Long has his monument and his recognition, but one must agree with the considered verdict of the great Dr. W. H. Welch of the Johns Hopkins: "We need not withhold from Dr. Long the credit of independent and prior experiment and discovery, but we cannot assign to him any influence upon the historical development of our knowledge of surgical anaesthesia or any share in its introduction to the world at large." The lesson of Crawford Long is that if discovery, after considered experiment, is not communicated there is no addition to useful knowledge.

WHAT is useful knowledge? Phrases like "adding to useful knowledge" recur in the charters of universities and foundations, as indicating the great purpose of their existence. It is easy to see that the natural scientist working in his laboratory on the properties of an antibiotic is adding to useful knowledge. It is somewhat harder to understand that the social scientist working on a theory of group relationships is also pursuing the same end. It is perhaps hardest of all to evaluate the usefulness of the knowledge that the humanist adds with a new interpretation of a Shakespeare play or an episode in Greek history. But the plain truth is that no one can presume to judge the ultimate usefulness of any addition to knowledge—neither the man in the street nor the administrator in his office nor the legislator in his assembly. Not even the scholar himself—what usefulness did Albert Einstein give to $E=MC^2$ when the formula first flashed through his brain? All that can be said is that usefulness is proved by use—by making knowledge available to those who can use it.

Publishers and libraries are the agencies for this proving of the usefulness of knowledge—the vehicles for the Crawford Longs of today and tomorrow. They work in a real world in which judgments must be made—the publisher in terms of his available capital, the librarian in terms of his acquisitions budget. For themselves, they can pray for humility in recognizing the limitations of their judgment; for faith in the ultimate usefulness of all knowledge; and for courage in insisting on their right to give knowledge its free opportunity to prove its usefulness. And the university publisher in particular, whose primary purpose is to publish works of scholarship, and who lives in a community of scholars of which the library is the beating heart, can perhaps recognize better than others that this right—the freedom to publish—is meaningless unless it is preceded by and built upon the scholar's freedom to inquire.

The Association of American University Presses

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"HALLELUJAH" FOR A BUTTON

BUT for a button, the world would never have thrilled to the majesty of the *Messiah.* It was only an ornament, yet without it, we would never have felt the awe and rapture of the exultant, inspirational "Hallelujah Chorus."

For a small button was the shield that saved the life of youthful George Frederick Handel in a duel with a fellow musician. Struck by the point of his adversary's sword, it also spared the composer's glorious music for the ages.

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